THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Fou[illegible] Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JULY 18, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

The Government and the Trusts

By Former Assistant Attorney-General
JAMES M. BECK

Getting Sister Laura Married Off

By GEORGE ADE

The Two Appeals

By GEORGE HORTON

The Unstable Partner

By WILL PAYNE

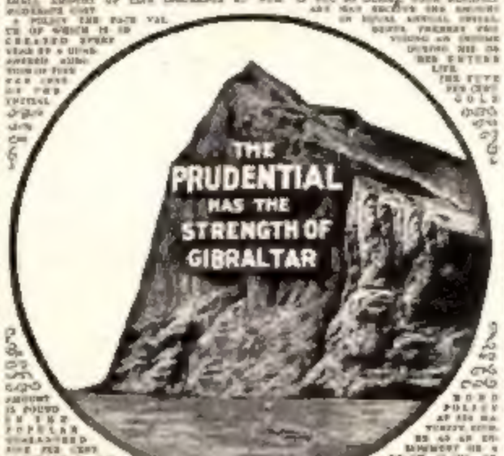
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

THE WHOLE WORLD
KNOWS

The Prudential

We Want YOU to Know

The Best Policy it has for You.



THE PRUDENTIAL

Insurance Company of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. WRITE FOR INFORMATION, DEPT M. HOME OFFICE, Newark, N. J.

ONE of the greatest conveniences travelers can take with them for their own exclusive use is a supply of Ivory Soap. It will save them much annoyance and discomfort. To have a pure soap always at hand is a great source of satisfaction. Ivory Soap is a quick and thorough cleanser, and speedily removes the dirt and stain of travel.

IT FLOATS.

6 Points of Superiority

We prove all we claim

FARRAND ORGAN COMPANY DEPT. R
DETROIT, MICH.

Mail Your Savings

to the Bowery Savings Bank, New York, and get all the benefits that are gained by the 140,000 depositors of this greatest of all savings institutions. Depositing by mail in

The Bowery Savings Bank

is as safe as it is convenient. Our booklet, "Banking by Mail," gives complete and detailed information, and will be sent free if you request it.

THE BOWERY SAVINGS BANK, NEW YORK

ESTABLISHED 1834

The Minutes that make the Days, that make the Years, are truthfully told by the

ELGIN WATCH

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Time-makers and Time-keepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
Elgin, Ill.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright 1903, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 170 — PHILADELPHIA, JULY 18, 1903 — Number 3

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE TRUSTS

By JAMES M. BECK

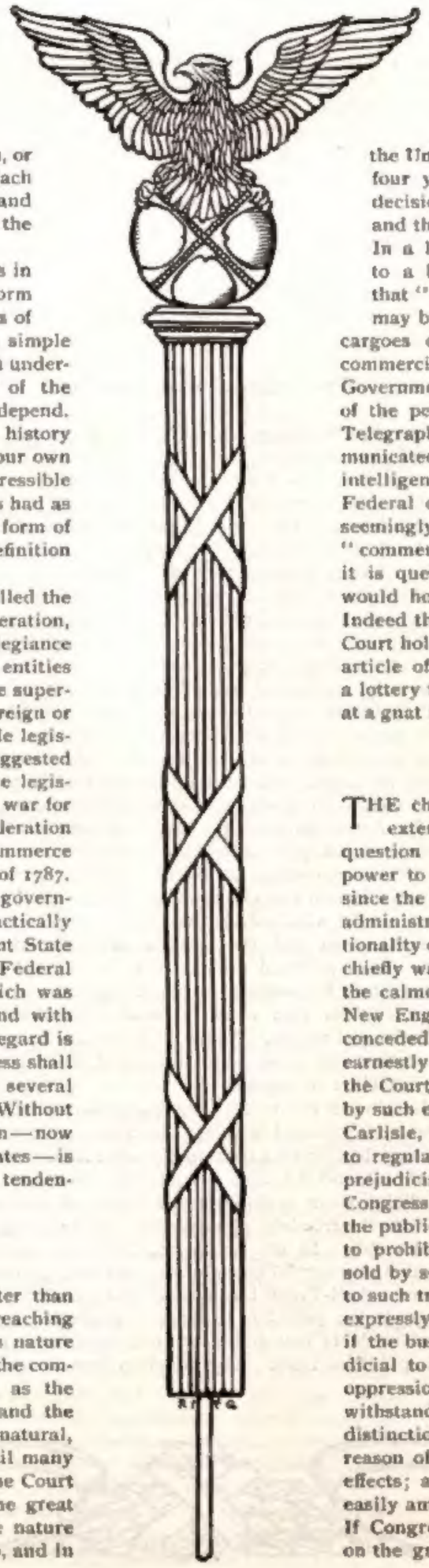
Former Assistant Attorney-General

THE regulation of industrial combinations by the Federal Government is but one phase of the larger question of its power over interstate commerce. The marvelous development of transportation and telegraph companies has given overshadowing importance to this question, and the consequent public interest has been, with reason, intensified by the two recent decisions of the Federal courts in the so-called Lottery Cases and that involving the validity of the merger of the northwestern transcontinental railways into the Northern Securities Company. Few decisions in recent years have attracted greater attention, challenged more earnest discussion, or more profoundly affected the American people in practical results. Each marks a distinct advance in the constitutional evolution of our country, and therefore possesses an economic and political importance upon which the future alone can place a proper estimate.

As I had the honor to take part in the argument of both these cases in behalf of the Government, I have not the same liberty as others, who form the great and final court of public opinion, to comment upon the opinions of the Court. This article will endeavor to explain to the lay mind, in simple and untechnical language, the nature of the constitutional question which underlies both cases and upon the final determination of which the power of the Federal Government to control industrial combinations must ultimately depend.

Burke once said that the greatest struggles in English constitutional history have revolved about the question of taxation. This was once true of our own constitutional evolution as a nation, but in the last half century the irrepressible conflict between Federal sovereignty and the autonomy of the States has had as its chief battle-ground the commerce clause of the Constitution, and the form of our Government depends, and must continue to depend, upon the definition given by the court of last resort to this wonderful power.

This is not surprising when it is recalled that it was this power that called the Federal Government into existence. Prior to the formation of the Federation, the thirteen British Colonies, though united in a sense by their common allegiance to the British Crown, were, as between themselves, independent political entities and, as against each other, sovereign and independent. Excepting the supervisory power of the Crown there was no general authority over their foreign or intercolonial commerce. The result was a mass of conflicting and hostile legislation. It was the commercial chaos that this produced which first suggested a union of the Colonies, and, under the stress of objectionable revenue legislation, caused the formation of the Federation and the outbreak of the war for independence. After the war was ended and the importance of the Federation was seen of all men, the same want of a general power over interstate commerce created a demand for a new constitution and resulted in the Convention of 1787. For over four months this convention debated as to the form of the new government, but—profoundly as they differed in other respects—they were practically unanimous in deciding that the absolute power which each constituent State had theretofore had over its external relations should pass to the Federal Government. The clause of the Constitution (Art. VII, Sec. 1) which was designed to effectuate this was passed without a dissenting voice and with comparatively little debate. In words of marvelous simplicity, when regard is had to the enormous power thereby granted, it simply says: "Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States." This grant is the true corner-stone of the Constitution. Without it, it could not have come into existence or continue to be. The Union—now comprising so many separate and for some purposes sovereign States—is chiefly held together, not by a written compact but by the centripetal tendencies of commerical ties.



The Intent of the Constitution

THE fathers of the Republic, as all master builders, "builded better than they knew." They but vaguely and imperfectly perceived the far-reaching extent of this power, and they probably had no larger conception of its nature than the regulation of navigation. At first the Courts doubted whether the commercial power extended to stage-coaches. This was not unnatural, as the steamship, the railroad or the telegraph was not even dreamed of, and the only vehicles of commerce were those drawn by horses. It is not unnatural, therefore, that Congress made no attempt to exercise this power until many decades later, and that even its nature was not defined by the Supreme Court until nearly half a century had passed, when, for the first time, in the great case of Gibbons vs. Ogden (decided in 1824), the question as to the nature of the power challenged decision. Fulton had invented the steamship, and in consideration of his invention the State of New York granted to him the exclusive right to navigate the Hudson River. The question arose whether such exclusive grant did not infringe upon the power of Congress to regulate commerce. Chief Justice Marshall, in an opinion of marvelous lucidity and wisdom, held that it did, and gave a definition of commerce which time has not made obsolete. With one illuminating word he interpreted "commerce" as the equivalent of intercourse, and thereby brought within its scope every form of intercommunication between the United States and foreign nations or between the several States. Twenty-four years later, in the Passenger Cases, the Court sustained its previous decision by holding that the mere entry of passengers into a port is commerce, and that a tax imposed by the State of New York upon such entry was illegal. In a later case, decided in 1893, the Supreme Court held, with reference to a bridge which connects Covington, Kentucky, with Cincinnati, Ohio, that "the thousands of people who daily pass and repass over this bridge may be as truly said to be engaged in commerce as if they were shipping cargoes of merchandise from New York to Liverpool." The scope of the commercial power is therefore almost infinite, and under it the Federal Government can regulate to the smallest minutiæ the movements and activities of the people, always providing that they are interstate in character. In the Telegraph Cases it was even held that the invisible messages which are communicated by wire from State to State, although they convey "only ideas and intelligence," are none the less "commerce" and, when interstate, subject to Federal control. The only modification of these sweeping definitions was the seemingly inconsistent decision that the business of insurance is not generically "commerce." This decision was rested in part upon peculiar grounds, and it is questionable whether, if the point were again fairly raised, the Court would hold that the business of insurance could not be interstate commerce. Indeed the Lottery Cases have gone far to modify the Insurance Cases, for the Court holds that a lottery ticket—another form of an aleatory contract—is an article of commerce, inasmuch as it can be bought and sold. To hold that a lottery ticket is an article of traffic and an insurance policy is not is "to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

What the "Lottery Cases" Defined

THE chief importance of the Lottery Cases, however, was in defining the extent of the power. The Constitution uses the word "regulate," and the question early suggested itself whether the power to regulate includes the power to prohibit. This question has been the fruitful subject of controversy since the formation of the Federal Government. It first arose when Madison's administration laid an embargo upon all foreign commerce. The constitutionality of the embargo was bitterly contested, but the contest unfortunately was chiefly waged in the heated atmosphere of the political rostrum rather than in the calmer atmosphere of the judicial tribunal. The embargo nearly drove the New England States out of the Union, but its constitutionality was ultimately conceded. The same question as to the power to prohibit commerce was earnestly debated in the Lottery Cases, which were argued three times before the Court was able to pronounce an opinion, and on the part of the defendant by such eminent counsel as ex-Senator Edmunds, ex-Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle, William D. Guthrie and others. It was finally decided that the power to regulate did include the power to prohibit any traffic which Congress deems prejudicial to the public morals. If the logical effect of this decision is that Congress may prohibit any form of interstate traffic which it deems prejudicial to the public interests, then it would follow that Congress would have the power to prohibit the transportation from State to State of all commodities made or sold by so-called monopolistic combinations. The Court confined its decision to such traffic as public policy condemns as immoral or prejudicial to health, and expressly left undecided the question whether such prohibition would be justified if the business were not inherently immoral or unwholesome but simply prejudicial to the public welfare by reason of economic considerations, such as the oppression of the consumer by combinations which stifle competition. Notwithstanding this disclaimer, which is obviously cautionary only, no sound distinction exists as to constitutional power between a traffic that is prejudicial by reason of its immorality and one that is prejudicial by reason of its economic effects; and it is this logical result of the Lottery Cases which makes them easily among the most important cases of the Supreme Court for many years. If Congress has the power to declare a traffic prejudicial to the public interests on the ground of its alleged immorality, it has equally the power to declare it

prejudicial for any other purpose. No sound distinction is perceivable between the two. The Lottery Cases strongly illustrate this, because a traffic was there condemned by Act of Congress which, at the beginning of the Republic, was regarded as moral and beneficial. The Federal Government itself ran a lottery at the beginning of the last century, and its drawings were supervised by Washington and Adams. Even religious bodies utilized this form of traffic to build their churches; and if, therefore, it has fallen within the ban of the Federal police power, it must be because Congress, acting for the nation, has the power to declare a previously lawful traffic unlawful and then prohibit it for all time. The importance and extent of this power to prohibit cannot be overestimated.

When Attention was First Aroused

IT MAY be surprising that so important a question was not decided early in the history of the Federal Government, but, as previously suggested, the economic conditions which prevailed prior to the invention of the locomotive and the steamship did not require it. Indeed, Congress made little attempt to exercise the power until nearly a century after the adoption of the Constitution. These questions are the natural results of steam and electricity. The railroads are the arteries through which the life-blood of the nation courses and the telegraph wires are the sensitive nerves of our complex social system. Commerce is the life-blood of intercommunication and its marvelous development has resulted in a centralizing tendency which it is impossible to exaggerate. For many practical purposes State lines are obliterated, distances annihilated, and San Francisco and New York are, for practical purposes, next-door neighbors. These centripetal influences have naturally had their reflex action in the growing assumption by Congress of control over interstate commerce. Steam and electricity have profoundly modified the Constitution itself. The railroads are an interesting illustration of this tendency. Until 1885 Congress, though favoring with liberal subsidies the construction of transcontinental railways, made little attempt to control or regulate interstate transportation. The abuses of railway monopoly were left to the States. In 1885 it reached the conclusion that a different policy was necessary and that the States were no longer strong enough to grasp a problem which was essentially Federal. A committee was appointed which made an elaborate investigation and, as a result, Congress passed the Act of February 4, 1887, which constituted the Interstate Commerce Commission and gave it remarkable supervisory powers over all interstate railways. Believing that the increasing tendency of capital to combine for the purpose of destroying competition needed legislative correction, it passed, a few years later, the Act of July 2, 1890, called the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, whereby, as defined by the Supreme Court, it made a sweeping prohibition of all combinations in restraint of trade, whether the restraints were reasonable or unreasonable. This Act has been from the time of its passage the subject of prolonged judicial controversy. In the famous Sugar Trust Case it was held that a combination to purchase refineries throughout the country was not a restraint of interstate commerce, because manufacturing was not commerce and because the product of the refineries thus purchased might never enter into the channels of interstate trade. This decision was reached by a divided Court, one Justice filing a most vigorous dissenting opinion. The authority of this case was much impaired by the later case of the Addyston Pipe Company, where a combination of pipe manufacturers sought to monopolize their industry, and for this purpose allotted certain territory in different States to constituent companies wherein each of which had the exclusive right, under certain conditions, to sell. The Court held that though the manufacture of pipe was not commerce, yet the allotment of interstate territory for the sale of pipe was a direct restraint of interstate commerce. If, hereafter, the question as to the legality of the Sugar Trust should be presented in a form which shows that its direct and necessary effect is to monopolize an existing interstate or foreign traffic in sugar, it is probable that the Supreme Court would, in view of the Addyston Pipe Case, be obliged to reach a different conclusion.

A Battle of the Giants

WHETHER or no the Sherman Anti-Trust Law applied to railroad corporations was early disputed; but in the Joint Traffic Cases the Court held that it did apply to railway combinations in the form of pools. To avoid this decision the famous Northern Securities Company was formed and an attempt was made to distinguish between an unincorporated pool and a so-called holding company. It was contended that a corporation, as an individual, could own a majority of the stock of two competing lines, and that such ownership of stock did not constitute such a direct and necessary relation to commerce as to subject it to Federal power. This contention the Government successfully resisted, and the recent unanimous decision of the Circuit Court clearly lays down the rule that the consolidation of parallel and competing railroad lines cannot be effected by the mere transfer of their stock to a new corporation. This case naturally attracted general attention, for few have ever been presented to any court which have affected corporate interests of greater magnitude. To the Securities Company, the bank which Jackson attacked was a mere pygmy. Additional interest was naturally drawn to the merger because it represented a treaty of peace between Titanic financial powers who had been engaged in a most intense struggle for the domination of a commercial empire. Zola in his novel of Money described a similar contest between Sacchard, a financier of Napoleonic audacity on the one hand, and a silent but sagacious Jewish banker named Gunderman, who probably typified Rothschild. Few descriptions in fiction are finer than the chapter that described the Waterloo in the Paris Bourse, when Gunderman, after many defeats, wholly overthrows and puts to rout his great rival. It illustrates the dramatic element of speculation. But truth is always stranger than fiction, and in dramatic details and disastrous results the fiction of Zola is tame in comparison with the struggle which led up to the famous Merger Case; and nothing seems to me more clearly to vindicate the necessity of the Federal power than the possibilities of this struggle between financial Titans. The real masters of America are those who control its banking and transportation interests, for the welfare of the people and their very existence necessarily depends upon the three forces of production, credit and transportation. In the great trans-Mississippi empire there are four great transcontinental systems—the Atchison, the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern. Each of these is dominated by a few men whose power is almost unlimited. Mr. James J. Hill represents the Great Northern, Mr. J. P. Morgan the Northern Pacific and Mr. E. H. Harriman the Union Pacific. All three perceived that the great central railway system known as the Burlington, with its 8000 miles of trackage, was the strategic key to the transportation problem in the trans-Mississippi region. Harriman tried in 1900 to purchase it and failed. Hill and Morgan combined, and by a shrewd and masterly financial *coup* acquired it. Harriman then demanded to be admitted to participation in the purchase, in order to neutralize the power of the Burlington to send traffic over any one of the three competing lines.

The Lesson of Blue Thursday

HIS request was refused, and with a courage and audacity worthy of Napoleon he determined to buy from Mr. Morgan the Northern Pacific system and thus control the Burlington. So successfully did he conceal his purposes that he had purchased $78,000,000, being a majority of the stock, before the Hill and Morgan interests were aware of what he was doing. They thereupon tried to recover their lost control, and in the mighty struggle for the acquisition of stock the conditions developed which produced the famous panic of May 9, 1901, which shook the equilibrium of the financial world. The widespread panic and disaster which resulted threatened the security of even these financial giants and, as a result, a treaty of peace was made, one detail of which was the formation of the Northern Securities Company, with its capitalization of $400,000,000. It was then that President Roosevelt intervened and made his dramatic move against a combination which he believed threatened the welfare of the American people. Whatever may be said as to the wisdom of the proceeding (about which men, not unnaturally, differ) the courage of the move cannot be questioned by any candid man, and the result of the Circuit Court decision has amply vindicated the legal soundness of the President's action and the opinion of his able Attorney General. In its political aspects this proceeding is also of first importance, for nothing in Mr. Roosevelt's administration has won for him more general admiration in the trans-Mississippi region. There is little likelihood, in my judgment, that the unanimous opinion of the Circuit Court will be disturbed on appeal.

The decision of the underlying question of the wisdom of the statutory law should be shifted from the courts to the people. It may be that such combinations are not only inevitable but beneficent, and it is also possible that, whether beneficial or prejudicial, their prohibition by law is an unwise interference with the freedom of contract. These questions are fairly debatable. In my judgment, Congress should at its next session give careful consideration to the question whether the Sherman Anti-Trust Law should not be so far modified as to permit the judiciary to determine whether a given restraint of trade is reasonable or unreasonable in its effects upon the public welfare. The common law recognizes that there are reasonable combinations and unreasonable combinations, by which it means that there are some which promote and some which prejudice the public interests. It is not easy for the legislative branch of the Government to lay down a hard and fast rule which shall determine to which class a combination belongs, and until the Joint Traffic decision, the determination of this difficult question was left to the judiciary. It was felt, and the result proved it, that our legal system would in this way be sufficiently elastic and progressive to keep pace with economic developments, and the judiciary in later years have sustained many contracts as reasonable restraints of trade which, under different conditions and in former times, they would have regarded as unreasonable. The Supreme Court gave a definition to the Federal Law which deprived it of this elasticity and which made every restraint of traffic illegal, whether prejudicial or beneficial to the public interests. It regarded the Sherman Anti-Trust Law as a declaration of public policy that *all* restraints of interstate trade were unreasonable. This conclusion was reached by a literal adherence to the language of the Act. Some who participated in the passage of the Act have claimed that their meaning was in this respect misinterpreted, and four Justices of the Supreme Court dissented from the decision. Congress has power by amendment to correct any possible misinterpretation of its meaning, and in my judgment there is no question which more justly challenges profound consideration and a just conclusion on the part of Congress than the question whether the Sherman Anti-Trust Law should be so far modified as to bring it in sympathy with the common law as to restraints of trade.

Penny Wise, Pound Foolish

THE new and enlarged seed-testing laboratory at Washington conducted by the Government is a busy institution this season. Dr. Frederick V. Coville says that the use of poor seed causes a loss of many millions of dollars annually to American farmers. The Government is making extensive tests of seeds so that agriculturists may buy to advantage and plant with foreknowledge. Those who have no facilities at home for determining the value of seeds may send samples to Washington, where they will be tested in the laboratory and reports forwarded to the farmer.

The price of seed by the pound or bushel is by no means a criterion of value, for, aside from the introduction of noxious weeds from impure consignments, the loss in time, labor and crop returns by planting infertile seeds is sometimes very great. In one instance a farmer paid $3.50 for a bushel of clover seed, weighing sixty pounds; he thought he was getting it cheap. Laboratory tests showed that he had only twenty-seven and three-quarter pounds of good seed; the rest would not germinate and was of course a dead loss. The farmer, therefore, paid at the rate of $7.57 a bushel for his clover seed. Not only was he paying an exorbitant price, but he would have wasted his time and his land in sowing seed the greater part of which would not have sprouted.

The seed industry in the United States has grown to enormous proportions. Hundreds of thousands of acres are devoted to seed raising. Some of the warehouses cover an area of from five to ten acres. Millions of packets of seed are sent out annually. Some firms receive about 10,000 orders a day. That the Government stands ready promptly to test seeds for American farmers, so far as its laboratory facilities will permit, is, therefore, a matter of great public interest.

Many millions of dollars are involved annually in the seed trade of America.

Among other things the Government is interested in keeping the seeds of the dodder from getting root in American soil. The danger of the spread of this pest is great. A single dodder will attack and destroy one clover plant after another, until it has established its malign dominion over an area of several square feet. The Department seeks to impress upon farmers the false economy in saving a few cents per acre on seed and as a result stocking the land with destructive weeds. In a number of samples of red clover seed tested in the laboratory, over 20,000 seeds of weeds were found to the pound, and in one lot the number of weed seeds to the pound was 27,700, mostly green foxtail and plantain.

The beet-sugar industry has grown to such proportions and the value of securing good seed is so urgent that the Bureau of Plant Industry has made special arrangements to make tests on an extensive scale of sugar-beet seed for purity and germination, and also to make delicate moisture determinations.

This service is rendered without charge. When moisture determinations are wanted, the samples must be sent in glass or tin air-tight packages.

THE TWO APPEALS

A Story of the Other Woman

By GEORGE HORTON

THIS is the story of a good young man who taught a class in Sunday-school, but who was guilty, nevertheless, of three heinous sins: he wrote two poems and he told a lie. As to whether or not there were extenuating circumstances the reader must judge.

Caxton Forsyth was a newspaper "artist" with ambitions. Now ambitions are the most expensive things on earth. One must buy their realization with years of self-denial; one must give them the freshness of youth and the balmy hours of sleep, if one be poor to begin with. They are the rich young man's luxuries, and usually the rich young man does not care for them. Ungratified, they develop into secret cankers that eat away all happiness and content. Caxton Forsyth made portraits of unattractive Senators and successful pork merchants for his paper when he was longing to paint dream ladies; he drew cartoons, with an etching of Alma Tadema's Sappho hanging above his table. He had no time to gratify his higher yearnings, that at times seemed too intolerable to be borne, for the politicians and pork merchants died or were elected or founded colleges with bewildering rapidity, and every time any one of them did anything his inartistic visage must be sketched again. A few landscapes done during summer vacations and half a dozen studies represented Forsyth's output so far as art, as he understood the word, was concerned.

He was interested in a woman, of course. No real artist can avoid heart complications. The man who thirsts for power or wealth, and who acquires either or both in great degree, is usually born old. There were probably senile wrinkles upon his face when he lay in the cradle. Such a man is either spiritually blind, or else he has the power to ignore the flowers that youth strews in his pathway and to keep his eyes fixed upon the chilly summits to which he aspires. With the artist, of whatever expression, this is not possible. His source of power and inspiration is his love of the beautiful, and woman is, of course, the most beautiful thing that God has made—or the most ugly. When she is as God intended she is irresistible to a man with healthy eyes. 'Tis the height of inconsistency, moreover, to rave over a sunset or go into raptures while gazing at a moonrise, and not to stare one's fill at beautiful women.

Forsyth first met Bianca Watson at an oyster supper given by the ladies of the Calvary Baptist Church, and he could not keep his eyes off her. She was a splendid creature, of the stately type, with an address that can be best described as friendly.

Her nature found expression in a certain exuberance, both physical and mental. She was in blooming health and there were lovely dimples in the rich red of her cheeks. She looked at one with eyes as soft as great black-blue pansies, always serious at the first mingling of vision, but sure to lighten an instant later with a compelling smile. The one defect which her face possessed was that of slightly projecting upper teeth, which left tiny marks upon her under lip, noticeable whenever her mouth parted in a smile. But even this fault, certain to become unattractive in middle age, was alchemized by youth into piquancy—a vagary of beauty.

Forsyth concluded, in thinking of it afterward, that it was the girl's graceful form which first caught his fancy. Perhaps his eye had been educated by copying sylphlike creatures from the fashion weeklies for the Saturday supplement; certain it is that the eye has its acquired tastes as well as the palate. Miss Watson, by the aid, no doubt, of an up-to-date corset, had achieved those physical lines, considered so graceful at the present time, faintly suggestive of the letter "s."

Forsyth asked and obtained permission to call, and two evenings later rang the bell of a boarding-house on Fourteenth Street. Bianca was living there with her mother, widow of an obscure Senator, long dead. The mother passed her winters in Washington because she was still able to pull a few strings that lifted latches to semi-official receptions and gained her eleemosynary invitations to a dinner or two. She was one of those mournful ghosts by which the capital city is haunted. He was shown into the general parlor by a colored woman whose unkempt ugliness sent a faint thrill of sadness to his heart, a sensation which was corroborated by the bareness of the walls and the threadbareness of the cheap rug. An old man with a tousled head of white hair sat by the window reading a voluminous copy of a New York yellow journal. He gathered up the sheets of his paper, grunted amiably at Forsyth and shuffled out of the room on carpet slippers, betraying evident familiarity, acquired through long experience, with the unwritten laws of cheap boarding-houses. A couple of younger men, carrying small, flat bundles from the laundry, hung their hats upon the tree in the hall and passed upstairs. Occasionally one of the "lady guests" came to the door, glanced at him as though expecting him to be somebody else and went away again. Another young man entered, took a seat and began to entertain him by talking amiably about the prospects of an early spring. The reason for this caller's officious hospitality was soon made manifest. He was the chosen swain of the landlady's daughter, with whom he disappeared into the dining-room, being a privileged person.

With the sadness induced by all this ugly cheapness there mingled in Forsyth's breast a glow of pleasurable expectation at the near prospect of seeing Bianca. She came, at last, accompanied by her mother, and a sudden glow of sunshine seemed to gild over the poor old chairs, the shiny rug and even the battered piano, from several of whose keys the ivory was gone, rem'nding Forsyth of fingers that have lost the nail. With Bianca in the room these things became endurable. She came forward with a spontaneous smile, extending her long arm high up, the hand drooping at the wrist, and shook his fingers with a chaste, horizontal flutter. Yet even so she had a powerful grip for a woman, and a degree of warmth flowed from even so casual and conventional a contact and diffused his entire frame, somewhat as a faint current of electricity might have done. He had been weary from overwork the moment before; after touching her fingers he felt rested.

"Mamma, this is Mr. Forsyth, one of our distinguished artists."

"Glad to meet you, I am sure. Your name sounds familiar to me. I must have met with it in connection with some of your work."

Forsyth laughed a trifle bitterly.

"I hardly think so," he replied. "Your daughter is too kind in calling me an artist. I only draw for one of the newspapers."

Mrs. Watson was an incredibly young woman to be the mother of so tall a girl. Forsyth realized that she was taking him all in with appalling eagerness and intensity of reception. He felt, and truly, that she was appraising him, as every mother does a possible suitor for her daughter's hand. But there was a double reason for the rapacity of Mrs. Watson's mental inventory: she was indeed on the *qui vive* for Bianca's interest, and she cherished hopes of her own. Thus her manner combined the kittenish with the maternal, the seductive with the severe. Forsyth assumed several different attitudes in his enforced self-consciousness, each one more awkward than its predecessor. Suddenly the thought occurred to him that he had laid half a dozen roses on the piano. Going to them he took off the tissue paper with the remark:

"I brought some roses to Miss Bianca, but as I find that I am calling upon two young ladies instead of one I shall make a just division of them."

"That's the way it is always," pouted Bianca; "people come to see me and they are immediately taken up with mamma!"

MRS. STANLEY WARD

By a certain perceptible relaxation of the tension Forsyth knew that he had hit upon an influential theme, that of Mrs. Watson's youthful appearance. She immediately asked him if he enjoyed music, and, upon his replying in the affirmative, sat down at the piano and played Believe Me if all Those Endearing Young Charms with considerable feeling. Turning her head, she asked him if he knew the air, and he told her, a malicious impulse nearly compelling him to substitute "enduring" for "endearing." Mrs. Watson began The Last Rose of Summer, and Forsyth crossed the room and sat down at Bianca's side upon the divan, as she continued to address remarks to him while the elder woman was playing. He conceived that it would be rude to one to talk at all, and ruder to the other not to answer. So the only middle course that commended itself was to sit close to Bianca and talk low; and when he came thus close to her the growing yearning which he had felt over there in his corner intensified to a revelation of love. He trembled slightly and was seized with an almost uncontrollable impulse to take between finger and thumb a soft, glossy lock of brown hair that had slipped down upon one of her temples. Had he been a classical scholar he would have understood that his intoxication was similar to that described by Sappho in the Second Fragment. He did not notice that Mrs. Watson had finished playing and was observing him intently.

"Bianca had a devoted admirer once who was an artist," she remarked, "but I wouldn't let him have her. It would never do for Bianca to marry a poor man. She has too great a gift for spending money."

Poor Forsyth moved back to his corner that he might talk to the two ladies from impartial distances. As he did so he experienced a slight relief from the intensity of the emotions with which Bianca's presence flooded him.

"Do you not sing also, Miss Watson?" he asked her.

"Oh, just a little," she laughed; "not nearly so nicely as mamma does."

"Bianca has had the best musical education that I could give her," explained the mother. "She is going to sing in a choir—Calvary Church. She begins to-morrow."

Forsyth's heart gave a great leap for joy.

"Oh, then I shall have the pleasure of hearing you," he said, "for I attend that church regularly."

The smitten young man, while he was shaving the next morning, came to the conclusion that he was a fool. He had not been able to eat either supper or breakfast by reason of a great lump that arose into his throat every time he attempted to swallow; neither had he been able to sleep, and he cut himself twice with his razor. At times there was a swooping sensation in the pit of his stomach, as of one coming down in a swing.

"No woman is worth all this," he mused. He changed his mind, however, when he beheld her in the choir, standing with three others in a tiny booth high above the pulpit,

MADE PORTRAITS OF UNATTRACTIVE SENATORS AND DREW CARTOONS

whither she seemed lifted by a sort of spiritual exaltation, into a region of sacred music, soft light and seraphic dignity. The colors that poured in through the tinted windows were infused into the light about her as perfume pervades the air. In that subdued medium her features were idealized as in a photograph. His artist's eye detected, even at that distance, that she was attired in a costume of a green shade, trimmed with a profusion of lace, and that there was some sort of a fringe, he could not determine exactly what, hanging down from the rim of her hat. The thing he was sure about was that she was wearing his three roses, and the knowledge filled him with a joy related to the religious influences of the place. It was easy to be good when she was wearing his roses. As he sat staring at her a lady entered the pew and sat down beside him, next the aisle. He became conscious later that this was Mrs. Stanley Ward, one of the richest young widows in Washington, a lady noted for her elegance and the extent of her quiet charities. During the offertory Forsyth noticed with pleasure that Bianca's voice was a contralto of considerble power. She sang a few bars alone, holding the music at arm's length a trifle theatrically, and his mental picture was complete: music, radiance and such divine intellectuality as would inspire the stately words she was now chanting were but natural incidents to her estate. Forsyth sang well himself, and he kept his eye on Miss Watson during the hymn, with the notion that he would be singing with her. To his annoyance he seemed rather to be conducting a duet with the lady at his side, with whom he was sharing the book. Mrs. Stanley Ward sang soprano with a sweet voice that was so clear and true and so well adapted to his own bass that it prevented his hearing anything. He watched Bianca and sang with Mrs. Stanley Ward. The latter thanked him with a quiet smile as he closed the book and the idea occurred to him that she was a woman of exquisite refinement, as people said. That one little quiet smile told the whole story. At the end of the service Mrs. Ward spoke pleasantly to him, asking how he was getting on with his Sunday-school. He came down as far as the door with her and she remarked that it was a delightful day and that she was going to walk home. There were hundreds of young men in town, and older ones too, for that matter, who would have attempted to avail themselves of this speech. But Forsyth was waiting for Bianca. He saw her at last, but only for a moment, as she was rushing away somewhere. When Forsyth got home he found that his longing to be with her had become intolerable. He was not to see her again till the morrow night, and his thoughts meanwhile were so intently fixed upon her that they must have vent or the torture would be unendurable. Like many a lover before him, he had recourse to poetry. He had no particular natural gift, but that made no difference. Every lover is a poet. He composed four passionate quatrains and put them in his pocket.

Next evening he called upon Bianca again, and while the mother played the piano with the nail-less keys he told her that he had been so impressed with her singing of Sunday that he had written a poem to her.

"Oh, have you!" she cried. "How delightful that will be! Have you finished it? Have you it here with you? I'd much rather any one would bring me poems than flowers."

Mrs. Watson stopped in the midst of In Days of Old, and whirled about with the remark, "Bianca's little curate used to write poetry to her, such beautiful poetry, wasn't it, Bianca?" Then she completed the revolution on the piano stool and proceeded with When Knights Were Bold. Forsyth had not till now realized how acute Mrs. Watson's hearing was. She actually was keeping track of the conversation while playing the piano. Seated on her stool, as within a revolving turret, she was able to whirl in any direction with perfect ease and fire off volleys of conversation or of music as she might elect

"Seems to me a curate might be doing something better than writing poetry to the girls," grumbled Forsyth.

"Oh, he didn't spend all his time writing poetry to me," retorted Bianca. "He used to preach beautiful sermons."

"Bianca, go and get one of Mr. Cadwallader's poems," said Mrs. Watson, making another half revolution. "Go along, there's no disloyalty in that. Look at Burns and—and—all poets expect their verses to be made public."

The girl went for the verse, pouting at her mother as though she had been commanded to do something disagreeable. During her absence Mrs. Watson entertained Forsyth with a description of the curate, the intensity of his passion, and the difficulty experienced by her in getting rid of him.

"I was just saying to Mr. Forsyth," she continued as Bianca again entered the room, "that poor Mr. Cadwallader had red hair, too. I believe it was the exact shade of Mr. Forsyth's."

"He had pretty hair," remarked Bianca coquettishly. "I like red hair."

"Thanks," said Forsyth, rising and bowing. The mother at that moment decided that this young man was much better-looking than the curate had been, for he was tall and graceful, and the slight pucker to his mouth gave him a permanently sweet expression. His tip-tilted nose and the few freckles added a boyish effect that was quite charming. His hair, which was not of a fiery hue, was abundant, moreover, and was his most engaging asset. Bianca read the poem with feeling, the mother listening with appropriate solemnity:

Only a tender question,
Only a little "No,"
Only a dreary future,
Only a life of woe.

Only "Farewell forever,"
Only two lives apart,
Only a lonely mortal,
Only a broken heart.

"Isn't it sad?" asked Mrs. Watson. "It's dreadful to think of the suffering a girl can inflict, and be perfectly innocent about it, too."

"That's such a sweet thing," sighed Bianca.

"IT WOULD NEVER DO FOR BIANCA TO MARRY A POOR MAN"

Forsyth wondered how a man capable of writing such doggerel could fill a pulpit, but he did not express his opinion. The chief consideration was that Bianca should admire it. Reading those verses in the dingy parlor she was a creature somewhat different from the seraph of yesterday.

Nevertheless, as she sat down by him and turned the great, serious pansy eyes upon him, the eyes that lighted with a smile even as she looked, he experienced again that swooping sensation, followed by that sudden shocking into life of everything within him that could not reason.

"But if the curate is so hard hit he will return to the attack," he faltered, hardly knowing what he said.

"Oh, he's married now," explained Bianca; "that's the way they all are. But I think he might have waited a year."

After taking his departure it occurred to Forsyth that Bianca with all her effusiveness on the subject of poetry had not asked to see his own effort, and the reflection so nettled him that he took the bit of paper from his pocket and tore it up.

A couple of days later he received an invitation from Mrs. Watson to accompany her and Bianca to an evening reception. He went, and from that time on saw the girl nearly every day, for two weeks, though scarcely ever alone. As his obsession grew by reason of this frequent proximity, he developed the cunning of the lover's madness, and made himself extraordinarily agreeable to the mother, losing no opportunity to play on the subject of her youth. The effect of this line of attack upon Mrs. Watson was peculiar. It augmented the maternal watchfulness and the vidual kittenishness. It gave a tenderer strain to the airs played upon the boarding-house piano, and it multiplied the number and the virtues of Bianca's former suitors; but there was no doubt that "*filia pulchra, mater pulchrior*" was the magic formula that gained him constant admission to the girl's presence. In the mean time his condition became pitiable. He could no longer eat nor sleep, nor scarcely work. It was not passion, it was something more akin to poignant sorrow. He was not happy with the girl, nor away from her. One day, when he was obliged to be away from her the whole twenty-four hours, he wrote a sonnet on the immeasurable, the irremediable grief of so long a separation. When he again saw her he was strongly impelled to read her the thing, but was deterred by remembrance of the curate's "only" poem. He began to feel sorry for himself and tried to analyze the cause of his sufferings. He finally concluded that her beauty appealed irresistibly to his artistic sense. When, at last, she told him that she and "mamma" were going to New York to be gone two weeks the words were as cruel as though she had pronounced his death sentence.

"Won't you miss me?" he asked, moving as close as possible to her upon the ancient divan.

"Of course we shall; we shall miss you dreadfully. Sha'n't we, mamma?" and mater whirled the turret about and said, with unmistakable feeling, "Mr. Forsyth has been most kind to us—most kind!"

And now a strange thing happened. For three days Forsyth's sufferings were so intense that they were almost physical. Had he been upon the rack they could not have been greater. He even passed the shabby boarding-house at all hours of the night, and gazed at it with uncontrollable yearning. But, suddenly, a sort of relief came. The fourth night he fell asleep, and did not awake until nine the next morning. That day he pitched into his work with renewed vigor, fancying that he was working for her.

"If I ever win her," he said, "I must do something worthy of her."

At the end of a week there were times when his sufferings were followed by periods of exaltation, and then, at last, there mingled with the desire to see her again a growing fear of her effect upon him and of the slavery which it imposed. And ever bigger and bigger loomed the characters with which the curate's poem was inscribed upon his brain. The silly thing ran through his head, leaving its trail of disgust:

Only a tender question,
Only a little "No,"
Only a dreary future,
Only a life of woe.

He was glad he had not read his own poem to her. He looked the thing over again now, and it seemed good to him. He sent it to a magazine and it was accepted. With the editor's letter came a missive from Mrs. Watson informing him that she and Bianca would be detained indefinitely in New York. He read the note with a pang of regret, mingled with subconscious relief.

On the Sabbath after his sonnet appeared in the magazine he found himself walking down the aisle again with Mrs. Stanley Ward. She mentioned the sonnet and told him that she was in possession of one of his studies, which she had bought at an exhibition of the work of newspaper artists. This so interested him that he strolled on down the street with her. She was a quiet little woman, with a sweet, low voice, and dainty as a wild violet. Moonlight hair, a broad, low forehead, thoughtful gray eyes, these were a few of the details which Forsyth carried away with him, now for the first time having really looked at Mrs. Stanley Ward. She invited him to call and to let her see any of his sketches that he might have on hand. Before he realized what had

(Concluded on Page 22)

GETTING SISTER LAURA MARRIED OFF

By George Ade

Copyright, 1903, by The Curtis Publishing Company. All rights reserved

SOME of the details may be slightly twisted, owing to the unreliability of hearsay evidence, but the gist of the story follows.

Bradford Spillers, or "Old Brad," as he was commonly known in Musselwhite, was a human puzzle. He did everything the wrong way, and yet he got results. As an early settler he acquired one whole end of the township. The few wiseacres who were on hand at that time intimated that he was going into the duck business. His tract of prairie land was really an archipelago, for the gentle knolls arose like islands between the sleeping ponds where the lily-pads floated and around which the "cat-tails" grew tall and rank. But "Old Brad" dug ditches while the critics talked and raised cattle instead of ducks, and in due time grew corn and oats on the quarter-sections that had long been given over to an aimless frog-culture.

LAURA WAS A GOOD SOUL

Notwithstanding his industry and acquisitiveness, "Old Brad," according to the most profound opinion of Musselwhite, was constantly making mistakes. He plowed too deep. He went in for the unpopular breeds of cattle. He put his grain elevator on the wrong side of the track. He worked his land with gaunt, slab-sided mules instead of roly-poly horses. He overstocked his general store with unsalable merchandise.

While the students of current history stood on the corners and found fault with his policy, "Old Brad" rattled over the dirt roads in a crippled buckboard and grimly carried on his lifework of opening new drains, shipping stock to a falling market and making all sorts of trades, with a fine disregard for public comment. In spite of his bull-headed mistakes he contrived to accumulate money, and along in the eighties the four Spillers children were looked on as the most fortunate of the rising generation.

However, "Old Brad" was not so successful in raising children as he had been in growing white-faced cattle. There was no denying that Laura Spillers, the eldest of the lot and the only daughter, was a good soul—studious, pious, and quite devoid of the beauty that fadeth even as a flower. But the three boys, Calvin, Rufus and Lemuel, were "hellions." I don't know the exact meaning of "hellion," and I am not sure that the word should be used in polite society, but it seems necessary to quote it herewith in order to give the esteemed reader a correct insight into the character of the Spillers boys. They were called "hellions" so often that no doubt a brief description of them will be a definition of this forcible but neglected word.

"Cal," "Rufe" and "Lem"—a triumvirate of "cussedness." They played "hookey" when started to school. They smuggled sweet crackers and stick candy from the store to the associate brigands stationed in the alley. They were the devil-may-care leaders of every "shivaree" or Hallowe'en depredation.

When "Cal" was only thirteen he ran away with a circus. A deputy sheriff recovered him and brought him back, and then his portion of fame was so large that every boy wanted to run away with a circus and come back a public character.

"Rufe" once borrowed a shotgun and went robin-hunting. He blazed away at a robin without pausing to take note of the fact that he was aiming at the Clevison house. He blew out a pane of glass just above the head of Mrs. "Doc" Clevison, who was doing up her hair. She fell into hysterics and rumor had it that she swallowed a hairpin.

"Lem," the youngest and smallest, earned a dark reputation by many reckless performances, the following a fair sample: He released the brakes on a line of cars at the stockyards siding and ran them on to the main track just as the 10:20 train was coming from the East, so that for days afterward the council at Talbot's store discussed the horrors of what might have been if the train had not stopped.

The Spillers three were motherless. Sister Laura and the hired woman had only a weak authority, and "Old Brad" was too busy with his farming and stock-buying and store-keeping and grain-shipping to give them his personal attention. They sprouted tall and lanky, averse to hard labor but keen for excitement, liked for their boisterous good nature but feared on account of their tendency to break out in a new spot every week or so.

If "Old Brad" had checkered his career with errors of judgment, he made amends for the past by one colossal stroke of wisdom, the knowledge of which came to Musselwhite the week after his funeral. When the will was probated it was learned that no division of the estate was to be made until all of the children had married. Eli Bilcote wrote the will. With many literary flourishes, which were not at all in the style of "Old Brad," it was set forth that no man could be ready to assume sober responsibilities as a property-holder until he had entered into the domestic relation and was the pillar of a home. It was provided that until such time as all of the heirs had married and given evidence of their desire to lead quiet and well-ordered lives, the estate should remain intact and under the sole management of Mr. Wesley Padgitt.

By the publication of that will Wesley Padgitt was lifted from the humble position of Man Friday on a small salary and became the most important and power-wielding individual in Musselwhite. He had been bookkeeper for "Old Brad," and he alone knew the ins and outs of those tangled investments which had gradually built up the huge mound of wealth known as the Spillers estate. By naming him as executor, "Old Brad" not only showed a reasonable distrust of his own progeny, but he confirmed the general belief that Wesley Padgitt was to be the husband of Laura Spillers. The rather covert allusions in the will to the responsibilities of this life were not taken to have any reference to Laura. They were regarded as admonitions to the three "hellions."

Wesley and Laura had been carrying on a tacit and unemotional courtship for several years, and the will was evidence that "Old Brad" favored the union.

When the estate passed into the keeping of Mr. Wesley Padgitt, Laura Spillers was rounding twenty-seven—certainly a candidate for matrimony, almost an urgent candidate. Calvin was close upon twenty-five. Rufus was in his twenty-third year, but Lemuel was only nineteen. As the youngest was still under the legal age, it was certain that the heirs could not call for a division for at least two years, and then only on condition that all three of the sons should be securely wedded. In the mean time Wesley Padgitt was in supreme control, drawing handsome revenues as executor and apparently certain of getting one-fourth of all the property when it came time for a final apportionment.

"I NEVER MADE NO LOVE TO HER," SAID DAN

But would there be any final apportionment? Would the "hellions" ever marry? They were regarded as quite beyond the pale of anything locally known as "society." No one had seen them hanging around the door at Sunday evening services or school exhibitions. They wore cowboy hats and flannel shirts and went fishing on Sundays—half-fellows with a majority of the men but barbarians to the nice women who were Laura's chosen intimates.

"It's my opinion, if any one should ask," said Link Saulsbury one day, "that Wes Padgitt'll be managin' the property when Methusalem blows his horn."

But the Spillers boys were not entirely bereft of business sense. Each of them wanted that $50,000—for it was estimated that the estate would amount to $200,000. In Musselwhite, in the eighties, that sum was almost as overwhelming as some of the totals now figured in connection with the name of Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

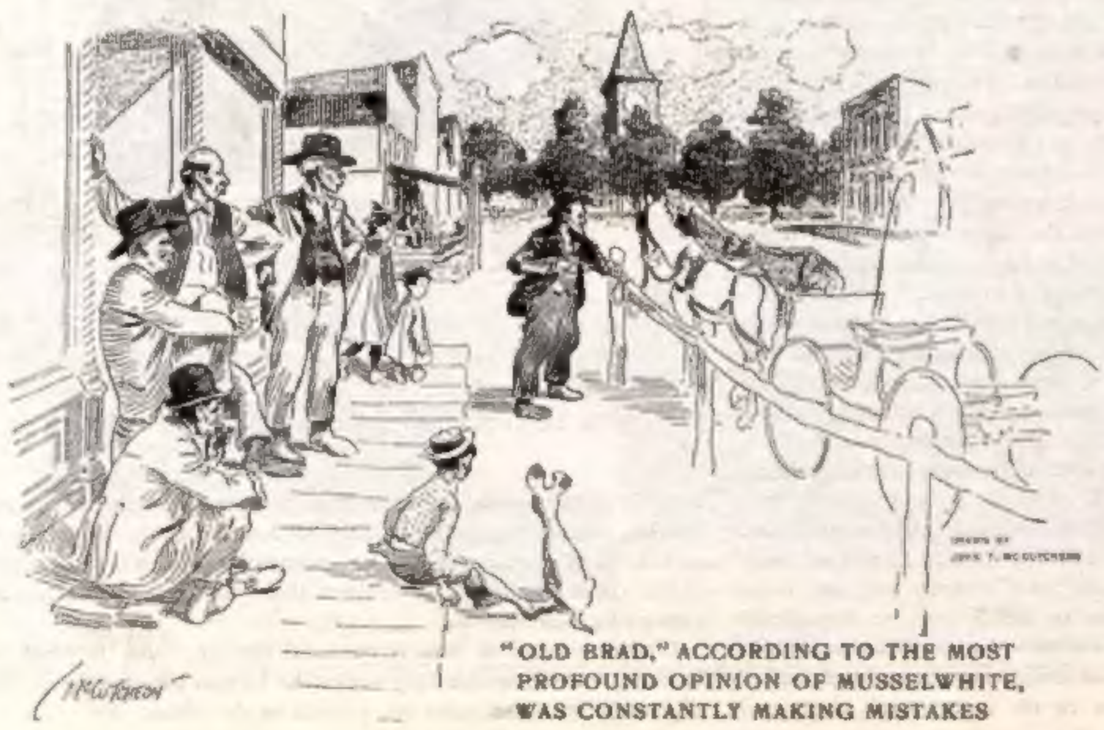
Wesley Padgitt was a rigid executor. The will had made no provision for the maintenance of the heirs, and Wesley refused to advance any money to the boys, inasmuch as they had hated him most cordially for years and frequently had urged him to come outside of the corporation limits and take a "licking." He had been a kind of private detective for "Old Brad," and had faithfully reported all the acts of deviltry with which the unpromising trio had now and then scandalized the community. Not only did he refuse to advance money from the estate, but he turned the home property over to Laura and, in his capacity of business adviser, induced her to charge each of the boys four dollars a week for board and room. He led her to believe that in doing so she would carry out the policy of the dear departed, whose hope it had been that the wayward three might cultivate habits of thrift before coming into the property.

It was difficult for the sons to borrow money on their prospects, inasmuch as not one of them was married, or even showing the preliminary symptoms of matrimony. But they had one friend—Bill Catterson, the lawyer. He herded them into his office one day and gave them a direct, fatherly talk.

"You boys might as well take your medicine," he said, looking at them over his steel "specs." "I don't believe we could bust the will. If we did, we'd have to go to the Supreme Court and it might be years before we got a ruling. But if you boys lick right in and get married we can clean up the whole business inside of two years. When will you be twenty-one, Lem?"

"A year from the ninth of next May," replied Lem, "but I don't want to git married."

"There's no sense in onegoin' and bein' hooked up unless you follow suit," said Cal. "It's



"OLD BRAD," ACCORDING TO THE MOST PROFOUND OPINION OF MUSSELWHITE, WAS CONSTANTLY MAKING MISTAKES

just as hard on one as it is on another. You hear what Bill says."

"As far as that's concerned, people get married every day and seem to enjoy it," said the lawyer. "I'll take your case and I'll guarantee you enough money to keep you goin', provided that all three of you sign an iron-clad agreement to get married inside of two years."

"I don't know of anybody," said Rufus, in a tone of blue discouragement.

"The fact that you're goin' to get about fifty thousand will be a big help to you," suggested Catterson. "Besides, you'll find out that women ain't near as particular as you think they are."

The male heirs exchanged doubtful glances. The lawyer's language seemed reassuring and yet it was not exactly flattering.

"Draw up your agreement," said Cal. "I think I know a girl over at Tucker's Grove."

"The woods are full of them," said Catterson cheerfully. "Come in this afternoon and I'll have the papers all ready."

The boys signed an agreement by which they bound themselves "severally and jointly" and in tortuous legal verbiage to marry within two years, or, failing to do so, to surrender all claims whatsoever to any share of the estate.

Then, with the entire community eagerly keeping track of their movements, they reluctantly went out in search of wives. Calvin gave his note to Catterson and secured enough money to buy a horse and buggy and a suit of "store clothes." Thus equipped, he made Sunday visits to Tucker's Grove, and within six months he brought Lavinia Humphries to the county-seat and they were married by the United Brethren preacher. He moved somewhat ahead of schedule time in order to encourage his laggard brothers, neither of whom had given any signs of activity beyond a studious inspection of all the unmarried women who passed in front of Talbot's store.

Bill Catterson was of great assistance to the diffident Rufus at this solemn crisis. He selected the young woman, discreetly sounded her relatives and smoothed out the preliminaries, so that Rufus had nothing to do except to attend to a few minor details, such as getting the license.

Lemuel was following one of the Williamson girls in a half-hearted manner. One day, about three months before the fateful May ninth, his brothers sought him out and inquired somewhat anxiously concerning his prospects.

"I ain't spoke to her yet," said Lem gloomily.

"Well, git a move on you," said Cal; "you've got us into this thing and we don't want to wait much longer."

"I'll stick by the agreement, all right," said Lem, "but how about Laura? The property won't be divided till all of us marry."

"She's goin' to marry Wes," said Rufus. "That's all fixed."

"How do you know it's all fixed?" demanded Lem. "Meebe she's goin' to marry him, but *when?* Why didn't we wait till her and Wes got married. They may fool along for years."

"We might go and talk to her," suggested Rufus. "Still, I don't think it'd do any good. But no matter what *she* does, you've got to carry out your part of the contract."

And Lemuel did. On May 15, six days after arriving at the theoretical age of discretion, he stood alongside of Matie Williamson and faced a Justice of the Peace. After which, three young couples in struggling circumstances, but rich in expectations, waited for the dilatory courtship of Wesley Padgitt and Laura Spillers to ripen into wedlock.

Wesley Padgitt had been a grubbing and saving employee for years, and it was supposed that he loved money better than anything else in the world. It is true that he coveted Laura Spillers' share of the property, and when "Old Brad" died the executor intended to take Laura—freckles, blemishes and all—in order to get the $50,000. But Cupid was operating in the eighties, even in Musselwhite. Wesley Padgitt sang bass in the Methodist choir and Fannie Whittaker, at his elbow, sang alto, and sometimes her arm touched his arm and tingled him with a delicious sensation such as he had never experienced while paying his formal attentions to Laura. Fannie was plump and pleasing, with dimples and a pair of coaxing eyes. Her voice was soft, with a minor chord inviting to sympathetic friendship or something more serious. To be concise, Wesley fell in love with Fannie Whittaker. When he contemplated the prospect of a dismal existence with Laura and the surrender of this pearl of womanhood, his nature revolted. At the same time he did not forget his commercial training. So long as Laura Spillers remained single he would be executor of the estate and draw about $6000 a year. If she married, his income would be nothing. Suppose Laura's marriage could be postponed for five years. He could save $25,000, build a home for Fannie and himself and take over the store and elevator from the estate.

This delicate and rather intricate task confronted Mr. Padgitt: He was to continue his attentions to Laura without exciting the jealousy of Fannie; he was to refrain from marrying Laura and yet was to keep her so hopefully encouraged that she would not choose to marry any one else; he was to convince Fannie that she was the sole object of his affections, and yet he was to do it by such deft and secretive methods that Laura would never suspect him of double-dealing.

A fairly difficult undertaking, it must be admitted, especially in a small town whose principal industry is the investigation of other people's private affairs.

AND GAVE THEM A DIRECT, FATHERLY TALK

Any man who starts out to deal diplomatically with two alert females needs one competent male assistant. This fact is as old as history. Wesley Padgitt called in Dan Copeland, who clerked at the store. Dan was to accompany Wesley to all social gatherings and devote himself to Fannie and Laura alternately. In other words, he was to be the counter-irritant. For neither young woman could consistently charge Wesley with neglect while she was receiving the insistent attentions of Dan Copeland. Furthermore, Wesley Padgitt evolved a policy that was simply Napoleonic in brilliancy. He told Laura, in confidence, that Dan was smitten with Fannie, and he told Fannie that Dan really cared for Laura, and he attempted to make it plain that his own attentions to the *other girl* were the unselfish efforts of a true friend and brotherly advocate.

And the weeks passed, while three young couples lived skimpily on borrowed capital and wondered what Sister Laura was going to do.

Bill Catterson began to wear a worried look. Dan Copeland's intermittent attentions to Laura raised faint hopes which were offset by Wesley Padgitt's occasional fondness for Fannie.

It was a most distressing situation so far as the male heirs and their newly-acquired wives were concerned. Each couple was within reaching distance of property worth some $50,000 and not a cent could be made available until Sister Laura had received the nuptial benediction. Apparently she had a blind faith in Mr. Wesley Padgitt, who might delay the ceremony indefinitely, perhaps in order to force the sons to a compromise settlement. It was a doleful prospect and

AND SOMETIMES HER ARM TOUCHED HIS ARM

Bill Catterson was concerned almost as deeply as the trio, for his clients were beginning to lose faith in him and his advances of money to the three happy couples had taken all of his capital. He gave serious thought to the situation and came to a conclusion.

One day he took Dan Copeland fishing. As they sat side by side, watching the lazy corks, he began to sing the praises of Laura Spillers.

"She's a fine woman," he said. "Even-tempered, got a pleasant disposition and a fine housekeeper. What's more, the minute she changes her name to Mrs. Somebody she'll be worth fifty thousand."

"She ain't a very good-looker," said Dan, still with his eyes on the cork.

"They all look alike ten years after they're married," said Bill. "I wish I was a young man. I'd be ownin' that store next year, drivin' my own trottin' horse."

"I s'pose Wes'll marry her," said Dan, but his manner of saying it was weak and evasive.

"There's two reasons why he won't," said Bill, lowering his pole and turning around to look Dan straight in the eye. "In the first place, he's gone plumb looney about the Whittaker girl. And in the second place, since Laura's got purty well acquainted with you she don't care three whoops for Wes. You're the boy that's got the inside track; an' I want to tell you this, Dan, speakin' as man to man: If you don't mean to marry her, don't keep on deceivin' her and gettin' her worked up with false hopes."

"I never made no love to her," said Dan. "I've just took her home now and then, when Wes asked me to."

"You know the game Wes is playin', don't you?" asked Bill.

Dan made no reply. He was looking hard at the water and trying to lay mental grasp on the huge fact that he was loved by a woman worth $50,000.

We have no record of what happened that evening at the Spillers home, but we have read in our copy-books that "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and one can understand readily enough that the novelty of having a man put his arm around her was not altogether displeasing to Laura Spillers.

How does news leak out in a country town? Dan said he would keep it a secret and Laura said she would not breathe a word, and yet at ten o'clock next morning it was known all up and down Main Street that Dan and Laura were engaged and women of all ages were cutting across lots to spread the information. Wes Padgitt heard the rumor and was dismayed. He made the crowning mistake of his Napoleonic campaign. With a vague hope of somehow preventing the alliance which would end his reign as a czar he went to Laura and gave her to understand, by the manner of his reproaches, that he had supposed, all along, that she was engaged to him. Fannie Whittaker heard of that interview and sent back his presents. About the same time Mr. Padgitt learned that South Dakota was bristling with opportunities for young men of limited capital.

Bill Catterson collected a fee from each of the four couples. As legal representative of all the Spillers heirs he has made enough money to buy two farms. And what he said about Laura was right. Mrs. Copeland, the wife of the "well-known and popular merchant," is just as good-looking as she was twenty years ago.

What We Drink

AN INVENTOR recently called upon the Government officials at Washington and offered to install on the Isthmus of Panama, if the Treasury would authorize the expense, an electrical plant by which he claims he will be able to purify the water of the Chagres River and all other water-supplies on the Isthmus, and by so doing prevent the scourge of fever and other maladies which might otherwise make serious sanitary problems incident to the construction of the Panama Canal.

It was thought at first that he was perhaps a visionary, but with the hospitable idea of not rejecting anything that might ultimately turn out to be of great value he was referred to competent authority. The discovery was then made, to the great delight of progressive officials, that Government experiments have been conducted recently along this very line with signal success, and it was stated that the United States scientists superintending the work will soon announce practical means for the purification of streams, lakes, city reservoirs, springs and all sources of water-supply for American cities. It was the sentiment of those consulted that the engineer be given an opportunity to demonstrate the practicability of his project.

There are few problems more pressing to-day upon American municipalities than that which concerns methods of eliminating from the water-supply dangerous micro-organisms and bacteria. The project of the electrical engineer who has made overtures to the Government includes an electrolytic treatment which has the effect of solidifying all organic matter which has been held in solution in the water. He finds that under his process the matter collected in most cases has a specific gravity less than that of water; and, where it does not, the electrical agitation of the water is sufficient to bring it to the surface, where it is collected and destroyed.

Acting upon the suggestion of its scientific advisers, the Government has given this inventor an opportunity to display the workings of his system. He took Potomac water in its muddiest condition and speedily rendered it as clear as spring-water. Under microscopic examination it was found to be almost as free from organic matter as distilled water. He claims to be able to accomplish this result in running streams and bodies of water of great size.

THE YANKEE WAY

The Story of James C. Stewart's Part in the American Invasion

By HOMER BASSFORD

MR. JAMES C. STEWART

JAMES C. STEWART, of New York, Pittsburg, St. Louis and London, personifies the American Invasion of England. He stands for the idea that has frightened serious Britishers into thinking that the industrial aggression of the United States is a monster that will swallow up Englishmen and their enterprises generally. Within twenty-nine months Mr. Stewart has figured in building plans that have called for the expenditure of $20,000,000. He has placed American superintendents in charge of British workmen with great success. He has revolutionized the building methods in vogue, even going to the extent of taking a trowel in his own hand to show an English union bricklayer how to get quicker and better results in placing a row of bricks in soft mortar. He has had as many as five thousand laborers of various classes on his English pay-roll at one time, and in the course of his work in Great Britain he has found it necessary to make eight trips across the Atlantic Ocean. He built a $6,000,000 building for the Westinghouse people at Manchester, completing the job in one year, when the English contractors had said that five years would be quick time. This building he furnished with doors and windows made in the Mississippi Valley of the United States. On behalf of the Westinghouse English branch he has electrically equipped many street railroads and has put in power-houses all over the islands. As a contractor he has tunneled under rivers, and at this time he is superintending a great work at Cowes for no less a patron than the English Admiralty.

When the great Galveston flood overwhelmed thousands of people and crushed half the town out of existence Mr. Stewart was in Texas, a day's ride from the scene. He had with him an assistant, H. W. Lohman, thirty years of age. Within twenty-four hours these two had organized a large force of men and, before the week was over, they had recovered and protected hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat in damaged elevators. It wasn't Mr. Stewart's business to look after salvage, for he was in Texas as a contractor, but the work presented itself and he did it. Walter B. Stevens, secretary of the St. Louis World's Fair, for years one of the best known of Washington correspondents, says that Stewart has more energy, intelligently directed, than any man he ever saw.

"For days," said he, recently, "Stewart and his young assistant were the only perfectly sane executives in Galveston. Stewart not only managed the undertaking of saving the elevators, but by his example and forceful, cheery manner cast about him an influence that was felt in many directions."

The British Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Limited, which is the English house of the American concern, had a great plant in prospect at Manchester. Work had progressed in a more or less satisfactory way for some time, when it was deemed best to push things. Stewart was selected as the man to do the pushing. When he went to Manchester he found that the foundations for the main building of a plant to cost $6,000,000 had been put in after nearly a year of work. The main building was to be about 1200 by 500 feet, two stories in height. Stewart looked over the ground and announced that the entire plant might be turned over to the owners in less than a year. He was laughed at.

"You Yankees are pretty good workers," some one said, "but you are good jokers as well."

Stewart went into the thing. His first move was to send to the United States for ten bright young men, in or near their early thirties. Then he increased the force of native workmen from something like 200 to 2700.

A Practical Lesson in Bricklaying

WORK had progressed in an indifferent manner. Men were laying brick at the rate of 400 a day for each man. Four hundred bricks for a strong man seemed a small day's work, but it was the speed of the slowest and that speed was the pace long ago adopted by the British journeymen: Some one of unusual temerity had suggested that an American contractor might improve matters in this and other directions. Trades-unionist leaders laughed at the suggestion that an American bricklayer could place one thousand and even twice that number of bricks each day. The agitation reached a crisis when Mr. Stewart was placed in charge of the stupendous task of rushing a five-year job through in twelve months—for that was the test put upon him. When Mr. Stewart got to Manchester he held conferences with the labor leaders. He told them that he proposed to have British workmen under him, that the unions might dictate hours, method of payment and other details of like character, but that he would reserve to himself the right of method. He would even pay a higher wage than the men had ever received for like work, but he proposed that there should be work and not play in the period of his management. He proposed that there should be conferences between the union leaders and the manager, but that they should take place in the office and not on the work. He proposed that the pace of the fastest British bricklayer should be taken as the standard of speed and that the old way of "slacking up on a job" be forgotten. There was a cry of defiance, at which Mr. Stewart smilingly observed that it would be no trouble to cable to America and bring 2000 speedy union bricklayers from the States. Stewart has a quick, snappy way of talking—a way that needs no repeating of phrases to make clear a meaning. The master bricklayers concluded to try the American method.

There was a street railway system to be built for Manchester. Mr. Stewart applied his methods to its construction, and dirt flew in a way that opened the eyes of even those who had seen and marked the progress of Stewart's work on the Westinghouse plant. In London there are two great transportation systems under way. Here, again, is the young American the master builder. One of these is the Yerkes system, the great Metropolitan District Company. The other is simply the Metropolitan. The names may be confusing, but neither names nor problems are offering much perplexity to the engineering invader who is pushing them to completion. Incidentally, Mr. Stewart has built a tunnel under the Mersey from Birkenhead to Liverpool.

"There's nothing remarkable about it," says Mr. Stewart, without affectation. "It's a simple piece of work."

Remarkable or not, it was hurried to completion and possesses the quaint interest of being a tunnel over which all of the great transatlantic ships float in going to Liverpool.

Some time ago the English Admiralty wanted training quarters and other improvements at Cowes. When the King gave Obsorne House to the Government there was a good deal of wonderment over what, if any, improvements would follow. This became a subject of great concern to the townspeople, for the frequent presence of the Queen had been of great help to trade there; but with Victoria's death there was doubt as to what the outcome of the neighborhood's fortunes would be. When the Admiralty announced the plans for improvement it was determined that the work should be done with great expedition, in order that it might be ready for the coming of the King on the occasion of the annual regatta in August. The upshot of the planning and investigations was that it seemed best to turn this Government job over to an American firm, if there was to be any assurance that it would be ready on time. When he arrived in New York the other day Mr. Stewart said, with something of an uncommon twinkle in his eye, that the work was already near the point of completion. This contract was made with no less a person than Admiral Sir John Fisher, the head of the British navy.

Mr. Stewart's Latest Work

THE latest things Mr. Stewart has figured in on the other side has been the erection of power-houses at Heyshem, Sussex and Bath at an aggregate cost of $1,000,000—all dock work for the Midland Railroad, of which the American is consulting engineer at a salary something like that received by the President of the United States. Mr. Stewart is likewise the engineer for the rich Savoy companies, which own hotels at various places in Europe and whose interests run into millions in other directions.

Like most men who have achieved great things with swiftness and excellence, Mr. Stewart has not stopped to wonder why. There is absolutely no mystery about him. He chats about a million-dollar contract with all the familiarity of a man discussing pie or politics. He didn't go to England with the idea of revolutionizing anything. He had work to do and had his own way of doing it. He found plenty of intelligent labor native to the country, and this and this alone was the material he used in his extraordinary work.

Now comes a point of particular interest to those of us who puzzle over ways and means to an effective education for a given life work. Mr. Stewart comes from a race of builders. Early in his education he felt that his practical progress was not fast enough. So he undertook to learn a trade while he was at his books. The result was an expert machinist by the time the engineer and constructor was ready for the world. Now, as one of the Westinghouse men, he possesses a triple knowledge almost irresistible. He is an engineer, a builder of any form of great construction and a master of mechanical detail. Mr. Stewart is on the sunny side of forty, straight, well fed, muscular and effervescent. He likes his club, his family, his friends and his work.

MR. JAMES C. STEWART IN THE CENTRE, HIS NEGRO COOK SITTING

The President's Daughter

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Copyright, 1903, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyright in Great Britain

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—The Brock special had been held up for twenty-four hours of rain and wind at the Spider bridge. Glover, the construction engineer of the mountain division, had refused to let the train pass. The Brock purchase of the West End system had been made too recently for the new owners to become familiar with mountain conditions, and it was natural that the tourist end of the party of inspection—Gertrude and Marie, the two daughters, with their companion, Louise Donner, their aunt, Mrs. Whitney, and their two cavaliers, Allen Harrison and Doctor Lanning—should feel some impatience at Glover's "arbitrary action."

The delay past and the special safely arrived at headquarters in Medicine Bend, Bucks, the second vice-president and an old campaigner, took the party in hand. Glover, back from his fight with the Spider Water, he assigned to show them the sights as the man most familiar with the mountain division and the mountain legends. The task was not to Glover's liking. The mountain engineer did not consider the social graces his strongest recommendation. When his new stenographer was assigned him, the first letter he gave her was a note of protest to Bucks. The dictation went rather slowly, Glover thought; but surely it was all right—Callahan, the division superintendent, had told him his new stenographer had come in on No. 1—a tall, dignified young woman. No. 1 was just in and here was the tall, dignified young woman.

But it was Miss Gertrude Brock.

CHAPTER III

"YOU put me in an awkward position," muttered Bucks, looking out of the window.

"But it is grace itself compared with the position I should be in now among the Pittsburgers," objected Glover, shifting his legs again.

"If you won't go, I must, that's all," continued the general manager. "I can't send Tom, Dick or Harry with these people, Ab. Gentlemen must be entertained as such. On the hunting do the best you can; they want chiefly to see the country, and I can't have them put through it on a tourist basis. I want them to see things globe-trotters don't see and can't see without some one like you. You ought to do that much for our president. Henry S. Brock is not only a national man, and a big one in the new railroad game, but besides being the owner of this system he is my best friend. We sat at telegraph keys together a long time before he was rated at sixty million dollars. I care nothing for the party except that it includes his own family and is made up of his friends and associates, and he looks to me here as I should look to him in the East were circumstances reversed."

Bucks paused. Glover stared a moment. "If you put it in that way let's drop it," said he at last. "I'll go."

"The blunder was not a life-and-death matter. In the mountains, where we don't see one woman a year, it might happen that any man expecting one young lady should mistake another for her. These Eastern girls are full of mischief and the temptation to Miss Brock to let you deceive yourself was too great to resist, that's all. If I could go without sacrificing the interests of all of us in the reorganization, I shouldn't ask you to go."

"Let it pass."

The day had been planned for the little reception to the visitors. The arrival of two more private cars had added the directors, the hunting party and more women to the company. The women were to drive during the day and the men had arranged to inspect the roundhouse, the shops and the division terminals, and to meet the heads of the operating department.

In the evening the railroad men were to call on their guests at the train. This was what Glover had hoped he should escape, until Bucks, arriving in the morning, asked him not only to attend the reception but to pilot Mr. Brock's own party on a long mountain trip. To consent to the former request after agreeing to the latter was nothing.

In the evening the special train twinkled across the yard as pretty as a dream. The luxury of the appointments, subdued by softened lights, and the simple hospitality were a new note to the mountain men. If self-consciousness was felt by the least of them at the door it could hardly pass Mr. Brock within; his cordiality was genuine.

CRAWLING OVER THE ROCKS IN THE DUSK

Following Bucks came some of his mountain staff, whom he introduced to the men whose interests they now represented. Morris Blood, the superintendent, was among those he brought forward, and he presented him as a young railroad man and a rising one. Glover followed because he was never very far from the mountain superintendent and the general manager when the two were in sight.

For Glover there was an uncomfortable moment in prospect and it came almost at once. The new president, in meeting him as the chief of construction who was to take the party on the mountain trip, left his place and took him and Blood back to his own car to be introduced to his sister, Mrs. Whitney. The younger Miss Brock, Marie, the invalid, a sweet-faced girl, rose to meet the two men. Mrs. Whitney introduced them to Miss Donner. At the table Gertrude Brock was watching a waiter from the dining-car who was placing a coffee-urn.

She turned to meet the young men that were coming forward with her father, and Glover thought the awful moment was upon him; yet it happened that he was never to be introduced to Gertrude Brock.

Marie was already engaging him where he stood with gentle questions, and to catch them he had to bend above her. When the waiter went away Morris Blood was helping Miss Gertrude Brock to complete her arrangements. Others came up; the moment passed. But Glover was conscious all the time of this graceful girl who was so frankly cordial to those near her and so oblivious of him.

He heard her laughing voice in conversation with his friends and noted in the utterances of her sister and her aunt the same unusual inflections that he had first heard from her in his office. To his surprise, these Eastern women were very easy to talk to. They asked about the mountains, and as their train conductor had long ago hinted when himself apologizing for mountain stories—Glover knew the mountains.

Discussing afterward the man that was to plan the summer trip for them, Louise Donner wished it might have been the superintendent, because he was a Boston Tech. man.

"Oh, but I think Mr. Glover is going to be interesting," declared Mrs. Whitney. "He drawls, and I like that sort of man; there's always something more to what they say after you think they're done, don't you know? He drank two cups of coffee, didn't he, Gertrude? Didn't you like him?"

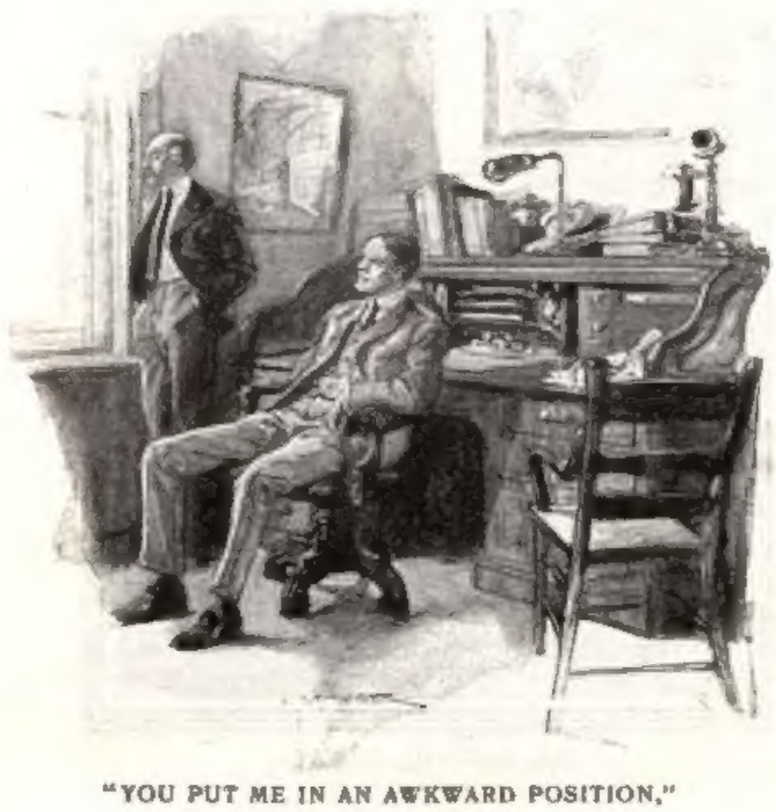
"The tall one? I didn't notice; he is amazingly homely, isn't he?"

"Don't abuse him; he is delightful," interposed Marie.

"I accused him right soon of being a Southerner," Mrs. Whitney went on. "He admitted he was a Missourian. When I confessed I liked his drawl he told me I ought to hear his brother, a lawyer, who stutters. Mr. Glover says he wins all his cases through sympathy. He stumbles along until every one is absolutely convinced that the poor fellow would have a perfectly splendid case if he could only stammer through it; then, of course, he gets the verdict."

The party had not completed the first day out of Medicine Bend under Glover's care before they realized that Mrs. Whitney was right. Glover could talk and he could listen. With the men it was mining or railroading or shooting. If things lagged with the ladies he had landmarks or scenery or early-day stories. With Mrs. Whitney he could, in extremity, discuss St. Louis. Marie Brock he pleased by placing her in marvelous spots for sketching. As for Gertrude and Louise Donner, the men of their own party left them no dull moments.

The first week took the party north into the Park country. Two



"YOU PUT ME IN AN AWKWARD POSITION," MUTTERED BUCKS

days of the time, partly on horses, put every one in love with the Rockies. On Saturday they reached the main line again, and at Sleepy Cat, Superintendent Blood joined the party for the desert run to the Heart Mountains. Glover already felt the fatigue of the unusual week, nor could any ingenuity make the desert interesting to strenuous people. Its beauties are contemplative rather than pungent, and the travelers were advised to fall back on books and ping-pong. Crawling across an interminable alkali basin in the late afternoon, their train was laid out a long time by a freight wreck.

Tired of the car, Gertrude Brock, after the sun had declined, was walking down the track alone when Glover came in sight. She started for the train but Glover easily overtook her. Since he had joined the party they had not exchanged one word.

"I wonder whether you have ever seen anything like these, Miss Brock?" he asked, coming up to her. She turned; he had a double handful of small, long-stemmed flowers of an exquisite blue.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, moved by surprise. "What are they?"

"Desert flowers."

As they walked on together he was determined she should take the flowers and with them his long-deferred apology, but she ingeniously declined the one and evaded his attempts at the other. In the end he was forced to give his flowers to Marie Brock, who went wild over them.

"I think your homely man the most interesting we have met since we left home, Gertrude," remarked Marie at her embroidery after dinner.

Gertrude was playing ping-pong with Doctor Lanning. "Isn't he homely?" she exclaimed, sending a cut ball into the doctor's watchchain.

Louise returned soon with Allen Harrison from the forward car.

"The program for the evening is arranged," she announced, "and it's just fine. We are to have a big campfire over near that little butte—right out under the stars. And Mr. Blood is going to tell a story, and while he's telling it, Mr. Glover—oh! drop your ping-pong, won't you, and listen—has promised to make taffy and we are to pull it—won't that be jolly? And then the coyotes are to howl."

A little later all left the car together. Above the copper edge of the desert ranges the moon was rising full and it brought the nearer buttes up across the stretches of the night like sentinels. In the sky a multitude of stars trembled, and wind springing from the south fanned the fire growing on the plateau just off the right of way.

The party disposed themselves in camp-chairs and on ties about the big fire. As the night air grew sharper additional wraps were called for. When Doctor Lanning and Mrs. Whitney started after them they asked Gertrude what they should bring her, but she said she needed nothing more.

As she sat she could see Glover, her sister Marie on a stool beside him, watching the boiling taffy. With one foot doubled under him for a seat and an elbow supported on his knee he steadied himself like a camp cook behind his modest fire. Heedless of the chatter around the big fire, the man whose business was to bridle rivers, fight snowslides, raze granite hills, and dispute for their dizzy passes with the bighorn and the bear, bent patiently above his pot of molasses, a coaxing stick in one hand and a careful chip in

the other. Mrs. Whitney, returning, distributed the wraps "I would have brought your Newmarket if I could have found it, Gertrude."

"Her Newmarket!" exclaimed Allen Harrison "Gertrude hasn't told the Newmarket story, eh? Why she threw it over a tramp asleep in the rain down at the Spider Water bridge"

"What?"

"——And was going to disown me because I wouldn't give up my overcoat for a tarpaulin."

"Gertrude Brock!" exclaimed Mrs. Whitney. "Your Newmarket! Then you deserve to freeze."

In the morning the Brock special, bathed in sunshine lay in the Bear Dance yard. When it was learned at breakfast that during the night Morris Blood had disappeared there was a protest. He had taken a night train east, Glover told them.

"But you should not have let him run away," objected Marie Brock; "we've barely made his acquaintance. I was going to ask him ever so many questions about mines this morning. Tell him, Mr. Glover, when you telegraph, that he has a peremptory recall, will you? We want him for dinner to-morrow night; papa and Mr. Bucks are to join us, you know."

The president arrived the following evening, but the general manager failed them, and it was long after hope of Morris Blood had been given up that Glover brought him in with apologies for his late arrival

The two cars were sidetracked at Cascade in the heart of the sight-seeing country and Glover had a trip laid out for the early morning on horses up Cabin Creek

When he sat down to explain to Marie where he meant to take the party the following day Gertrude Brock had a hook under the banquet lamp at the lower end of the car. The Doctor and Harrison with Mrs. Whitney were gathered about Louise, who, among the couch pillows, was reading their hands As Morris Blood, after some talk with Mr. Brock, approached, Louise nodded to him "We shall take no apologies for spoiling our dinner-party," said she, "but you may sit down. Now am I to have the pleasure of reading your hand?"

"There isn't a bit of excitement in my hand, Miss Donner," protested Morris Blood; "no fortunes, no adventures, no engagements——"

"You mean in your life. Very good; that's just the sort of hand I love to read. The excitement is all ahead. Really I should like to read your hand."

"If you insist," he said, putting out his left hand

"Your right, please,' smiled Louise.

"I have no right," he answered She looked mystified, but held out her hand smilingly for his right

"I have no right hand," he repeated, smiling, too.

None had observed before that the superintendent never offered his hand in greeting. A conscious instant fell on the group. It was barely an instant, for Glover, who heard, turned at once and, laying a hand on his companion's shoulder, spoke easily to Louise: "He gave his right hand once for me, Miss Donner; that's the reason he has none. May I offer mine for him?"

He put out his own right hand and bridged the momentary embarrassment.

"Oh, I can read either hand," laughed Louise, recovering and putting Glover's hand aside. "Let me have your left, Mr. Blood—your turn presently, Mr. Glover. Be seated This is the sort of hand I like," she declared, leaning forward as she looked into the left; "full of romance, Mr Blood. Now don't laugh; this is serious." She studied the palm a moment and glanced mischievously around her "If I were to disclose all the delicate romances I find here," said she with an air of mystery, "they would laugh at both of us. I'm not going to give them a chance. I give private readings, too, Mr. Blood, and you shall have a private reading at the other end of the car after a while Now is there another 'party'? Oh, to be sure; come, Mr. Glover; are all railroad men romantic? This is growing interesting—let me see your palm. Oh! *Of all* the hands! There's something happening in your hand every few minutes. Such a life-line, Mr. Glover! On my word, there you are hanging by a hair—a hair—on the verge of eternity——"

Glover laughed softly

"Oh, come, Louise," protested Mrs. Whitney "You are tragic Touch on lighter lines, please.'

"Lighter lines! Why this heart-line is a perfect cañon The laughter did not daunt her. "A perfect cañon. No more to-night, Mr. Glover; you are too strenuous.

"But about hanging on the verge—has it anything to do with a lynching, do you think?" ventured Glover. "The hair rope might be a lariat——"

Mr Glover!" The train conductor opened the car door. "Is Mr Glover in this car?"

'Here."

"A message"

Glover rose. "May I be excused a moment?" he asked

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Louise "A telegram' Something has happened already."

CHAPTER IV

AT FIVE o'clock that evening snow had been falling at Medicine Bend, but Callahan, as he studied the weather bulletins, found consolation in the fact that it was not raining, and resting his heels on a table littered with train sheets he forced the draft on a shabby brier and meditated.

There were times when snow was received at the Wickiup with strong words, but when summer had fairly opened Callahan preferred snow to rain as strongly as he preferred genuine Lone Tom to the spurious compounds that flooded the Western market

The chief element of speculation in his evening reflections was as to what was going on west of the range, for Callahan knew through cloudy experience that what happens on one side of a mountain chain is no evidence as to what is going on the other

"I WONDER WHETHER YOU HAVE EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THESE, MISS BROCK?" HE ASKED

"It is curious," mused Callahan as Morrison, the head operator, handed him some McCloud messages, "that we get nothing from Sleepy Cat."

Sleepy Cat, it should be explained, is a new town on the West End; not only that, but a division town; and though one may know something about the Mountain Division, he may yet be puzzled at Callahan's mention of Sleepy Cat. When gold was found in the Pilot range and camps grew like mushrooms up and down Devil's Gap, a branch was run from Sleepy Cat through the Pilot country and the tortoise-like way station became at once a place of importance. It takes its name from the near-by mountain around the base of which winds the swift Rat River. At Sleepy Cat town the main line leaves the Rat, and if a tenderfoot brakeman ask a reservation buck why the mountain is called Sleepy Cat the Indian will answer, "It lets the Rat run away."

"Now it's possible," suggested Hughie Morrison, looking vaguely at the stove, "that the wires are down"

"Nonsense," objected Callahan

"It is raining at Soda Sink," persisted Morrison mildly.

"What?" demanded the general superintendent, pulling his pipe from his mouth. Hughie Morrison kept cool His straight, black hair lay boyishly smooth across his brow There was no guile in his expression even though he had stunned Callahan, which was precisely what he intended "It is raining at Soda Sink," he repeated

Now there is no day in the mountains that goes back of the awful tradition concerning rain at Soda Sink. Before Tom Porter, first manager; before Brodie, who built the bridges; before Sikes, longest in the cab; before Pat Francis, oldest of conductors, runs that tradition about rain at the Sink—which is desert absolute, where it never does rain and never should. When it rains at Soda Sink, this say the Medicine men, the Cat will fall on the Rat. It is Indian talk as old as the foothills.

Of course no railroad man ever gave much heed to Indian talk; how, for instance, could a mountain fall on a river? Yet so the legend ran, and, there being one superstitious man on the force at Medicine Bend, one man remembered it—Hughie Morrison.

Callahan studied the bulletin to which the operator called his attention and resumed his pipe skeptically, but he did make a suggestion. "See if you can't get Sleepy Cat, Hughie, and find out whether that is so."

Morris Blood was away with the Pittsburgers, and Callahan had foolishly consented to look after his desk for a few days. At the moment that Morrison took hold of the key Giddings opened the door from the dispatchers' room. "Mr. Callahan, there's a message coming from Pat Francis, conductor, Number Two. They've had a cloudburst on Dry Dollar Creek; twenty feet of water came down Rat Cañon at five o'clock. The track's under four feet in the cañon."

As a pebble striking an anthill stirs into angry life a thousand startled workers, so a mountain washout startles a division and concentrates upon a single point the very last reserve of its activities and energies.

For thirty minutes the wires sang with Callahan's messages. When his special for a run to the Rat Cañon was ready, all the extra yard men and both roadmasters were in the caboose; behind them fumed a second section with orders to pick up along the way every section man. It was eight o'clock when Callahan stepped aboard. They double-headed for the pass, and not till they came to the water at the mouth of the big cañon did they ease their pace.

In the darkness they could only grope Smith Young, roadmaster of the Pilot branch, an old mountain boy, had gone down from Sleepy Cat before dark, and crawling over the rocks in the dusk had worked his way along the cañon walls to the scene of the disaster.

Just below where Dry Dollar Creek breaks into the Rat the cañon is choked on one side by a granite wall two hundred feet high. On the other, a spur of Sleepy Cat Mountain is thrust out like a paw against the river. It was there that the wall of water out of Dry Dollar had struck the track and scoured it to the bedrock. Ties, steel, ballast, riprap, roadbed were gone, and where the heavy construction had run below the paw of Sleepy Cat the river was churning in a channel ten feet deep.

The best news Young had was that Agnew, the division engineer who happened to be at Sleepy Cat, had made the inspection with him and had already returned to order in men and material for daybreak.

Leaving the roadmasters to care for their incoming forces, Callahan, with Smith Young's men for guides, took the footpath on the south side to the head of the cañon where, above the break, an engine was waiting to run him to Sleepy Cat. When he reached the station Agnew was up at the material yard and Callahan sat down in his shirt-sleeves to take reports on train movements. But an hour's work at the head-breaking problem left the division, Callahan thought, in worse shape than when the planning began, and he got up from the key in a mental whirl when Duffy at Medicine Bend sent a body blow in a long message supplementary to his first report.

> "Bear Dance reports the fruit extras making a very fast run. First train of eighteen cars has just pulled in; there are seven more of these fruit extras, mostly peaches, following close. Should arrive at Sleepy Cat by four A. M."

Callahan turned from the message with his hand in his hair. Of all bad luck this was the worst. The California

(*Continued on Page 23*)

THE UNSTABLE PARTNER

By WILL PAYNE

"IT'S THE ONLY WAY," BOB URGED

I

BOB TERHUNE climbed into the light buggy beside Dave Martin, the sheriff, and they drove rapidly down the dusty main street of Blue Ridge.

As they bumped over the railroad crossing, the little red station on one side and two tall red elevators and a huge corncrib on the other, Dave offered to be sociable.

"Power 'o corn Trimble's getting in there," he observed.

"Yes," Bob replied absently, without looking at the crib.

The sheriff crossed his lank legs, clacked to the mare, shifted his cud and accepted Bob's abstraction philosophically.

Terhune was troubled. He was just turned twenty-two and admitted to the bar. The weather-beaten old sign, "James E. Tyce, Attorney and Counselor at Law," that projected from the second-story window in the Hensen Block, had been replaced by a bright new one that read, "Tyce & Terhune." But Tyce was off hunting, and the young man lacked self-confidence in the emergency that had arisen.

Alonzo Wheeler, who rented the Hoover farm, had given the Blue Ridge Bank of Sutton & Hynes a chattel mortgage on his four horses to secure a loan of $175 at three per cent. a month, duly compounded every ninety days. Hail had struck the Hoover farm, cutting Wheeler's ripe wheat to shreds and damaging the corn. The renter was deep in debt. He disappeared with the four mortgaged horses and sold them, contrary to the statute in that case made and provided.

In the spring Wheeler had made a fine pot shot of old man Hockett's two turkeys. Tyce had defended him with success and taken a second mortgage on the horses for his fee.

Now, this afternoon, word had been brought to Sam Sutton, of the Blue Ridge Bank, that Wheeler had come home to his wife and two little children in the night, and was lying in the house. Sutton had sworn out a warrant and given it to the sheriff. Terhune heard of it and decided to go along, either as a party in interest or as Wheeler's prospective attorney.

It was late in the day, and the sheriff kept the little mare footing it briskly along the country road. The blandness of Indian summer lay over the great floor of prairie. There were no greens anywhere, but fields of ripe corn in which the serried ranks of tall stalks in their robes of yellow leaves looked like an innumerable army of gigantic Chinese soldiers, and houselike stacks of wheat and oats in the farmyards.

The Hoover place had a shiftless and melancholy air. The wreck of a threshing machine stood rusting and warping in the bare yard beside the shanty. A little boy sat on the uneven doorstep patting a puppy's head. He looked at the rapidly approaching buggy, turned his head and spoke over his shoulder into the house. A slender woman in a shapeless calico dress looked from the open door as the buggy swerved sharply from the road at the corner of the yard and headed for the house. The woman at once disappeared.

"Seen us!" said the sheriff with a sportsmanly interest, and shook the lines over the mare.

Terhune caught the glimpse of a figure running from the back of the house toward the cornfield. And as the buggy whirled by the door he saw the child on the steps, with brown eyes, looking up with a child's absorbed wonder, one arm slipped with an unconsciously protecting motion around the puppy's neck. He also saw, with a flash-light view of the poor interior, a woman's white, fear-stricken face.

When they sped past the house they saw Wheeler dodging around a farm wagon, making for the cornfield.

They rounded the wagon. Wheeler was at the edge of the corn. The sheriff projected his lank person from the buggy in a great leap, like that of a hound, and landed solidly on his feet.

"Want to see you, Alonzo," he sang out cheerfully.

The little mare, as intelligent as a trained dog, was at the edge of the corn before she could check herself. Terhune sprang out and ran down the rows. This yellow corn stood like a forest, the stalks in their serried ranks high enough to conceal a man on horseback, a perfect hiding-place, except that each straight row opened up a long aisle in which a human figure was plainly visible for several hundred yards. The sheriff had found Wheeler's row at once. When Terhune arrived the renter stood at bay, his face drawn in a nervous scowl, one hand clenched, the other holding a revolver. Martin stood at ease, two rods away, no weapon in sight, but his right hand dropped to his hip pocket.

"I'm going to take you back, Alonzo," he expostulated mildly. "I'd ruther it wouldn't be with a hole through you. There's two of us."

Terhune rushed forward until he looked square into the leveled barrel of the .44 revolver. Wheeler's dark face behind. He was aware that Martin had stepped aside to keep the range clear.

"Don't be a fool, Wheeler," said Bob nervously. "Sheriff Martin is bound to take you. The only thing to do is to come along and face the charge."

"What you doing here?" the renter demanded with sullen wrath.

"I am your friend, Wheeler. I will do everything I can for you. Mr. Tyce and I will take your case. Put down that gun, like a sensible person, or you'll spoil the only chance you've got. I'm your friend."

Wheeler lowered the weapon with a kind of dubious watchfulness. His tanned face was handsome in spite of its dark scowl. He had fine brown eyes and red lips under his curly mustache.

"I don't want to be took," he muttered. "You drive on and I'll follow."

"You must come along, Alonzo," said the sheriff mildly, and at a motion of the pistol hand he added, quite as mildly, "If you lift that gun ag'in I'll plug you."

"Come, it's the only way," Bob urged, and he walked up to the renter under the sheriff's watchful eye. Standing in front of him, unarmed, he put his finger on the man's coat, smiling. "It's the only way. Be sensible, now."

"Go on, then," said the renter, his eyes to the ground, and when Bob walked away he followed him to the edge of the corn. When they came out into the open he put the pistol in his pocket. The sheriff did not ask for it.

"Here's the paper, Alonzo," said Martin, and put a hand on his shoulder and held the warrant before his face.

Wheeler understood the formality. He was under arrest, fast in the hands of the law. He looked down in frowning silence, like a fine animal wounded, caged and cowed.

Terhune felt an immense pity for him. "Is there—anything you'd like to get—at the house?" he suggested.

Wheeler shook his head sullenly. He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a few coins. "Here's a couple of dollars. You give it to her. It's all I got." Without looking up he dropped the coins into Terhune's hand.

The young lawyer walked on to the house. The little boy still sat on the uneven doorstep, silent and frightened. His fine brown eyes looked up at Terhune full of nameless fear. He put out his hand blindly to gather up the puppy that was tugging at his ragged jacket and trying to tempt him to play. The slender woman came to the door. She was sobbing, and she looked at Terhune with an accusing fierceness.

Bob thought he would much rather feel like a murderer than to feel just as he did when he gave her the money and tried to say something friendly.

II

TYCE, thirty years Bob's senior, swung his tall, angular person lazily in the battered swivel chair in their office while Bob sat at the end of the walnut desk, leaning forward, and stated the case with an eager but deferential hopefulness.

The case was simply this:

The $175 which Wheeler had borrowed had grown to $260, with the three per cent. a month, duly compounded, and various extra charges. Sutton, evidently, was afraid that Tyce & Terhune, holding the second mortgage on the horses, would put Wheeler up to plead usury, thereby cutting down the bank's claim to the bare principal of $175 and giving some show to the second mortgage. So when Wheeler went to see him in September, deep in debt and discouraged over the loss of his crop, and proposed to sell the horses and pay the bank, Sutton fell in with the idea. Wheeler wished to take the horses to Tremont, or further east, and dispose of them at private sale as best he could. Sutton perceived that by this plan the risk of a plea of usury would be avoided, and he told Wheeler to go ahead. Wheeler did go ahead, sold one span of the horses in Tremont one day and the other span in Fairview next day, and had all the money in his pocket. There had probably been some drinks over the horse trade. The reckless young renter sat in a game of poker, lost part of the money, threw up the sponge and ran away with the rest—and lost most of that before he got home.

"But Sutton consented to his driving the horses out of the county and selling them as best he could. So their criminal charge of running off mortgaged property falls to the ground," said Bob.

"Not at all," said Tyce easily, swinging in the chair. "For Sutton will deny having given the consent. He knows as much law as the rest of us. He wouldn't have been fool enough to have Wheeler arrested if he'd intended to admit that he consented to his taking the horses away."

"But it's true!" Bob urged.

"Being true don't help it any if you can't prove it, my son," said Tyce. "You see, Sutton lost his money, and gentlemen who are running banks and lending money on chattel mortgages can't afford to let irresponsible fellows like Wheeler beat them out of two hundred and sixty dollars and go scot free. It would be too demoralizing."

Bob stood up, walked away a few steps, and came back. "But Mr. Tyce! They can't *lie* a man into jail like that."

Tyce calmly ignored this youthful outburst. "It's all a question of the jury," he said. "Wheeler will tell his story. Sutton will tell his. If the jury is mainly composed of tender-hearted men who have been soaked good and plenty with three per cent. a month themselves, they'll believe Wheeler. If they're persons of property who know how hard it is to keep an honest dollar after you've made it, they'll believe Sutton."

"It should not be so," Bob muttered, downcast for a moment over the unrighteous fact. Then he brightened up. "Well, when it comes to picking a jury I guess they can't beat *you!*" he declared admiringly.

III

AT HALF-PAST four in the morning of the third day of court Bob sat in the shabby office, under the light of an oil lamp that was fastened to the wall with a tin reflector behind it, bending laboriously over the walnut desk which was littered with law books and memoranda.

He had never been so sad in his life. For Wheeler was coming up to be tried in a few hours, and James E. Tyce, Esquire, who might have saved him, had not put in an appearance since court closed at five o'clock. For five hours, as he sat in the office alone, working, listening, waiting, Bob had been angry. But now, as the world was sinking in the last deep sleep that precedes dawn he was not angry any more—only immensely sad. However soon Tyce came in he would certainly be in poor condition for the fight that was coming on, where all his skill would be needed to return Wheeler to his wife and boys and freedom.

There was something unspeakably malevolent about this inadvertence of Tyce's having gone on one of his sprees just at this moment. It was as though justice had turned its back

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories of Blue Ridge, each one complete in itself.

upon the world. Terhune felt himself very young, a poor legless little champion, to be bowled over lightly enough in all probability by Matthews, the district attorney (who was Sam Sutton's political chum), and Dawson, who would appear for the bank. But more than this he felt himself immeasurably alone. He knew that he had met life with a good will, a clear eye, a willing hand, he had given his best; and he had received this stone.

At a quarter to five the work was done, so far as he could do it. He went to the window. The buildings on the other side of the street were only thicker blotches in the darkness. But up the street a faint patch of light still appeared. Terhune knew it was made by the rays of a lamp falling against a piece of brown wrapping paper that was tacked over the window in the half story above Dewstrow's harness shop. He put on his hat and coat and went out. The dark night air struck his hot face chilly, and his feet echoed loudly against the sidewalk in the dead street. He crossed over, went to the harness shop, felt his way around it and up the narrow, steep flight of outside stairs that led to the attic. The door was not locked. He pushed it open and stepped into the single room of the half story.

The floor was of rough bare boards. There was no lath and plaster over the smoky pine ribs of the sloping roof. A wooden chest stood in one corner and there was a big roll of sole leather in another. But the principal furniture was a round pine table covered with a faded, liquor-stained, cigar burned piece of green flannel. A large oil lamp, hanging from the peak of the roof, shed its strong light over the table and the eleven men who sat around it, in kitchen chairs of various dilapidation, playing poker. Two other men stood up watching the play, and Dewstrow sat on the chest in the corner with a demijohn, a brown pitcher filled with water, and a number of small, thick glasses beside him. The air was hot from the lamp. It smelled of kerosene and of stale tobacco smoke.

The rattle of the latch, the creak of the door and its noise in closing behind Terhune broke loudly upon the tense stillness within. Dewstrow glanced up, and two or three of those at the table looked, half mechanically, at the newcomer. That was all. The room at once became so still that the faint clicking of the chips which a man moved forward to the pot was plainly heard. It was a jack-pot and nobody was likely to speak until it had been won.

Tyce sat a little back from the table directly facing the door. He had slid down in his chair to a sprawling posture so that only the upper part of his bust, his head and the hand with which he held his cards were visible above the table.

Terhune had seen all this before. Now he felt no anger—only that immeasurable sadness and loneliness. He stood in his tracks by the door. In a moment Tyce looked up and their eyes met. The man at the table made no sign, the man at the door made none. Tyce's eyes returned to his cards as though he had seen an utter stranger. Terhune stepped over and sat down on the big roll of leather in the corner. The play went on without a break. But other men there besides Tyce were aware of the large young figure sitting in the corner, without voice or motion, simply looking at the table. In this patient, immovable waiting there was something that lifted him above the scene—like the noble patience of a great dog that waits for an unworthy master.

Tyce passed his hand over his forehead. "I'm broke," he said simply, waited a moment, then stood up.

A man looked at his watch. "Soon be six," he said.

The others pushed back from the table, stretching themselves, getting up and trying their cramped limbs, beginning to talk and laugh.

But Tyce was already at the door. He went out without a word, Bob following. The sad, early dawn disclosed the rubbish behind the harness shop, the little, shabby, shut-up stores along the main street, the vast sea of prairie, faintly clouded with a light mist, in which this poor little town was like a solitary, derelict ship.

The senior partner walked down to the street as steadily as a major-general on parade. There was no sign of hilarity about him. But Terhune touched his elbow lightly.

"Will you walk to the section line with me, Mr. Tyce?" he said.

"No," said Tyce.

"I wish to speak with you."

"Little Bobbie's superstition, eh?—that a man ought to go to bed sober?"

"I wish to speak with you."

"Oh, well, trot along," said Tyce with some impatience.

They took the middle of the street and Terhune set a brisk pace. The section line was three-quarters of a mile away. As they reached it and turned, the vast red brim of the sun looked over the edge of the gray world at them. His warm pearl colored banner spread across the eastern sky. The mists fell away. The sun wheeled out, and all that had been vague, touched with mist and colored twilight, stood revealed in the white light of the new day. Terhune and Tyce stood watching the miracle; then moved briskly back to town. The street was waking up a little. The front door of the Blue Ridge House stood open when they arrived. They stopped before it, under the wooden awning.

"Wheeler comes on for trial in two hours," said Bob.

"Wheeler?" The senior partner gave something of a start. He leaned against the door jamb and passed his bony hand over his brow. "I'd forgotten," he muttered. He put his hand to his brow again, gripping his temples. "I intended to see that some veniremen were on hand. I've played it away!" For the first and the last time Bob saw him confess shame. "I intended to see to it," he said, and again, "I've played it away."

Tyce's strange humiliation completed the sadness. In spite of himself Bob's eyes blurred with tears, for besides the figure leaning against the door jamb he saw a little boy crying and blindly patting a dog's head.

"It's the saddest thing I've ever known, Mr. Tyce," he said; "it makes me ashamed of you."

Tyce's bony thumb and finger gripped his temples again. For fully three minutes he said nothing, and Terhune comprehended the roused will driving the clogged brain.

Tyce did not look up. "I'm going to the office," he said in a low voice. "Don't disturb me. Don't cross-examine. Sutton. Put that off."

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY LAUGHED, AS THOUGH WHEELER'S LIE IRRESISTIBLY AMUSED HIM

II

THE trial was going against Wheeler.

Bob knew that. He was no match for the two experienced lawyers, prompted by Sutton, who were pitted against him. They let him exhaust his challenges, then calmly filled up the jury box with men to their liking, out generalling his manœuvres, out-arguing his objections, lightly riding him down.

He fought with all his might and was twice rebuked by the court and once threatened with a fine for contempt.

If the thing could have been done by an heroic stroke, by a supreme sacrifice, he would not have felt so helpless. But it must all be worked out in the dry, rigid forms of law which held him like a trap; and he was losing.

The little courtroom was divided in halves by a wooden railing. Within the railing were the bench, witness stand and jury box (all of pine, once mistakenly stained to imitate mahogany as was now shamefully evident), the two tables about which the attorneys grouped themselves, and some privileged spectators.

Sam Sutton was there at the end of a table beside Dawson, his lawyer, and Matthews, the district attorney. Sutton was forty, fat and dirty. A stubby black beard grew over the lower part of his large, round face. His hair was very thin over the forehead and he had a watery blue eye. If any one had suggested that he was honest, the answer would have been a laugh. Shrewd, with plenty of poker nerve, unshakably good natured, with a kind of humorously imperturbable moral nakedness, to inquire about his ethics would have struck his friends and followers as being as funny as to inquire about the theological preferences of the fat, dirty, impudent bear that Sutton looked like.

Wheeler, still with that effect of the fine animal wounded and caged, sat beside Bob at the other table. His pale wife in her poor Sunday best, and the two wide-eyed, awe-stricken little boys made a shrinking group in the corner, just outside the railing. And inside the railing, Miss Janet Hynes, daughter of the junior partner in the bank, looked on with interest.

Bob had been aware of her the moment Sutton brought her in. Without daring to look around again, he knew the creamy smoothness of her cheeks, her odd, alluring amber eyes, her heavy plaits of hair the color of wheat straw, the smartness of her costume, the graceful pose of her plump, pretty little body. He had known of her in a way when she wore short dresses. Then she had disappeared, and he had heard, without any interest in the fact, that Hynes' daughter had gone to Massachusetts to live with an aunt and attend school. But two months before, out of this mere haze at the edge of his consciousness, there had emerged, with dramatic abruptness, a figure of sovereign power. For, stepping into the bank one day he had encountered Miss Hynes stepping out—and had wandered on to the counter in a momentary daze. He knew precisely that she was within three months of seventeen and had come home to stay until the holidays. He had seen her a few times since, without daring to remind her of himself or seek a new introduction.

That she should have been brought in here by Sutton was the keystone in his sadness, as though it showed that Sutton's dirty power, having possessed the earth, had now invaded Heaven. Her richness belonged on Sutton's side as much as Mrs. Wheeler's poorness belonged on his.

She was watching his defeat; witnessing the bland victory of the lie. For he was losing the case, and there was no sign of Tyce.

Sutton took the witness stand and testified briefly to the making of the loan and the disappearance of the horses. Bob deferred cross-examination, as Tyce had directed, but without hope. The mortgage and the sale of the horses by Wheeler were proven. The case against him was made out.

Bob could only put Wheeler on the stand and let him tell his story about the verbal agreement with Sutton that he should drive the horses away and sell them. He felt that the jury would not believe this against the denial which doubtless Sutton would make in rebuttal.

In fact the prosecution treated Wheeler's story with open amusement and contempt.

"So Mr. Sutton said you might take the horses anywhere you liked and sell them and put the money in your pocket, did he?" the district attorney asked, smiling, in cross-examination.

"I was to turn the money over to him," said Wheeler sullenly.

"Oh, you were! But did you?"

"No!"

The district attorney laughed, as though the whimsical character of Wheeler's lie irresistibly amused him. Bob saw two of the jurors smiling.

The unhappy man in the witness chair had never seemed so pathetically helpless before. These dry, rigid forms of law had him like a trap, and had truth with him. The case was lost. Sutton, rolling comfortably in his chair, looked up at Bob with a twinkle in his small blue eye, like a bear that is contemplating a jest with slow inner humor. And against this figure Terhune was conscious of the wife and children in the corner.

While the district attorney paused, still smiling, thinking of another question that he might ask simply for the sake of the joke, the courthouse janitor came in and put a note into Sutton's hand.

Sutton unfolded it with indifference, glanced at the scrawl, scratched his stubby beard as though deliberating, then rolled lazily out of his chair and walked from the room.

(Concluded on Page 20)

THE CALL OF THE WILD

By JACK LONDON

Copyright, 1903, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyright in Great Britain

IN THIS ANGLE HE CAME TO BAY

VII—The Transformation

ONE night he sprang from sleep with a start—eager-eyed, nostrils quivering and scenting, his mane bristling in recurrent waves. From the forest came the call (or one note of it, for the call was many-noted), distinct and definite as never before—a long-drawn howl, like, yet unlike, any noise made by husky-dog. And he knew it, in the old familiar way, as a sound heard before. He sprang through the sleeping camp and in swift silence dashed through the woods. As he drew closer to the cry he went more slowly, with caution in every movement, till he came to an open place among the trees, and looking out saw, erect on haunches, with nose pointed to the sky, a long, lean, timber wolf

He had made no noise, yet it ceased from its howling and tried to sense his presence. Buck stalked into the open, half-crouching, body gathered compactly together, tail straight and stiff, feet falling with unwonted care. Every movement advertised commingled threatening and overtures of friendliness. It was the menacing truce that marks the meeting of wild beasts that prey. But the wolf fled at sight of him. He followed with wild leapings, in a frenzy to overtake. He ran him into a blind channel in the bed of the creek where a timber-jam barred the way. The wolf whirled about, pivoting on his hindlegs after the fashion of Jo and of all cornered husky-dogs, snarling and bristling, clipping his teeth together in a continuous and rapid succession of snaps.

Buck did not attack, but circled him about and hedged him in with friendly advances. The wolf was suspicious and afraid; for Buck made three of him in weight, while his head barely reached Buck's shoulder. Watching his chance he darted away, and the chase was resumed. Time and again he was cornered and the thing repeated, though he was in poor condition, or Buck could not so easily have overtaken him. He would run till Buck's head was even with his flank, when he would whirl around at bay, only to dash away again at the first opportunity.

But in the end Buck's pertinacity was rewarded; for the wolf, finding that no harm was intended, finally sniffed noses with him. Then they became friendly, and played about in the nervous, half-coy way with which fierce beasts belie their fierceness. After some time of this the wolf started off at an easy lope in a manner that plainly showed he was going somewhere. He made it clear to Buck that he was to come, and they ran side by side through the sombre twilight, straight up the creek-bed, into the gorge from which it issued, and across the bleak divide where it took its rise.

On the opposite slope of the water-shed they came down into a level country where were great stretches of forest and many streams, and through these great stretches they ran steadily, hour after hour, the sun rising higher and the day growing warmer. Buck was wildly glad. He knew he was at last answering the call, running by the side of his wood-brother toward the place from where the call surely came. Old memories were coming upon him fast, and he was stirring to them as of old he stirred to the realities of which they were the shadows. He had done this thing before, somewhere in that other and dimly remembered world, and he was doing it again, now, running free in the open, the unpacked earth underfoot, the wide sky overhead

They stopped by a running stream to drink, and, stopping, Buck remembered John Thornton He sat down. The wolf started on toward the place from where the call surely came, then returned to him, sniffing noses and making actions as though to encourage him. But Buck turned about and started slowly on the back track. For the better part of an hour the wild brother ran by his side, whining softly. Then he sat down, pointed his nose upward, and howled. It was a mournful howl, and as Buck held steadily on his way he heard it grow faint and fainter until it was lost in the distance.

John Thornton was eating dinner when Buck dashed into camp and sprang upon him in a frenzy of affection, overturning him, scrambling upon him, licking his face, biting his hand—"playing the general Tom-fool," as John Thornton characterized it, the while he shook Buck back and forth and cursed him lovingly

For two days and nights Buck never left camp, never let Thornton out of his sight. He followed him about at his work, watched him while he ate, saw him into his blankets at night and out of them in the morning. But after two days the call in the forest began to sound more imperiously than ever. Buck's restlessness came back on him, and he was haunted by recollections of the wild brother and of the smiling land beyond the divide and the run side by side through the wide forest-stretches. Once again he took to wandering in the woods, but the wild brother came no more; and though he listened through long vigils the mournful howl was never raised.

He began to sleep out at night, staying away from camp for days at a time; and once he crossed the divide at the head of the creek and went down into the land of timber and streams. There he wandered for a week, seeking vainly for fresh sign of the wild brother, killing his meat as he traveled and traveling with the long, easy lope that seems never to tire He fished for salmon in a broad stream that emptied somewhere into the sea, and by this stream he killed a large black bear, blinded by the mosquitoes while likewise fishing, and raging through the forest helpless and terrible. Even so, it was a hard fight, and it aroused the last latent remnants of Buck's ferocity. And two days later, when he returned to his kill and found a dozen wolverines quarreling over the spoil, he scattered them like chaff, and those that fled left two behind who would quarrel no more.

The blood-longing became stronger than ever before. He was a killer, a thing that preyed, living on the things that lived, unaided, alone, by virtue of his own strength and prowess, surviving triumphantly in a hostile environment where only the strong survived. Because of all this he became possessed of a great pride in himself, which communicated itself like a contagion to his physical being. It advertised itself in all his movements, was apparent in the play of every muscle, spoke plainly as speech in the way he carried himself, and made his glorious furry coat if anything more glorious. But for the stray brown on his muzzle and above his eyes, and for the slash of white hair that ran midmost down his chest, he might well have been mistaken for a gigantic wolf, larger than the largest of the breed. From his St. Bernard father he had inherited size and weight, but it was his shepherd mother who had given shape to that size and weight. His muzzle was the long wolf-muzzle, save that it was larger than the muzzle of any wolf; and his head, somewhat broader, was the wolf-head on a massive scale.

His cunning was wolf cunning and wild cunning; his intelligence, shepherd intelligence and St. Bernard intelligence; and all this, plus an experience gained in the fiercest of schools, made him as formidable a creature as any that roamed the wild. A carnivorous animal, living on a straight meat diet, he was in full flower, at the high tide of his life, overspilling with vigor and virility. When Thornton passed a caressing hand along his back a snapping and crackling followed the hand, each hair discharging its pent electricity at the contact. Every part, brain and body, nerve, tissue and fibre, was keyed to the most exquisite pitch; and between all the parts there was a perfect equilibrium or adjustment. To sights and sounds and events which required action he responded with lightning like rapidity. Quickly as a husky-dog could leap to defend from attack or to attack, he could leap twice as quickly. He saw movement, or heard sound, and responded in less time than another dog required to compass the mere seeing or hearing. He perceived and determined and responded in the same instant. In point of fact, the three actions of perceiving, determining and responding were sequential; but so infinitesimal were the intervals of time between them that they appeared simultaneous. His muscles were surcharged with vitality, and snapped into play sharply, like steel springs. Life streamed through him in splendid flood, glad and rampant, until it seemed that it would burst him asunder in sheer ecstasy and pour forth generously over the world.

"Never was there such a dog," said John Thornton, one day, as the partners watched Buck marching out of camp.

"When he was made the mould was broke," said Pete.

"Py jingo! I t'ink so mineself," Hans affirmed.

They saw him marching out of the camp, but they did not see the instant and terrible transformation which took place as soon as he was within the secrecy of the forest. He no longer marched. At once he became a thing of the wild, stealing along softly, cat-footed, a passing shadow that appeared and disappeared among the shadows. He knew how to take advantage of every cover, to crawl on his belly like a snake, and like a snake to leap and strike. He could take a ptarmigan from its nest, kill a rabbit as it slept, and snap in midair the little chipmunks fleeing a second too late for the trees. Fish, in open pools, were not too quick for him; nor were beaver, mending their dams, too wary. He killed to eat, not from wantonness; but he preferred to eat what he killed himself. So a lurking humor ran through his deeds, and it was his delight to steal upon the squirrels, and, when he all but had them, to let them go, chattering in mortal fear, to the treetops.

As the fall of the year came on the moose appeared in greater abundance, moving slowly down to meet the winter in the lower and less rigorous valleys. Buck had already dragged down a stray part-grown calf; but he wished strongly for larger and more formidable quarry, and he came upon it one day on the divide at the head of the creek. A band of twenty moose had crossed over from the land of streams and timber, and chief among them was a great bull. He was in a savage temper, and standing over six feet from the ground was as formidable an antagonist as even Buck could desire. Back and forth the bull tossed his great palmated antlers, branching to fourteen points and embracing seven feet within the tips. His small eyes burned with a vicious and bitter light, while he roared with fury at sight of Buck.

From the bull's side, just forward of the flank, protruded a feathered arrow-end, which accounted for his savageness Guided by that instinct which came from the old hunting days of the primordial world, Buck proceeded to cut the bull out from the herd. It was no slight task. He would bark and dance about in front of the bull, just out of reach of the great antlers and of the terrible splay hoofs which could have stamped his life out with a single blow. Unable to turn his back on the fanged danger and go on, the bull would be driven into paroxysms of rage. At such moments he charged Buck, who retreated craftily, luring him on by a simulated inability to escape. But when he was thus separated from his fellows, two or three of the younger bulls would charge back upon Buck and enable the wounded bull to rejoin the herd.

There is a patience of the wild—dogged, tireless, persistent as life itself—that holds motionless for endless hours the spider in its web, the snake in its coils, the panther in its ambuscade; this patience belongs peculiarly to life when it hunts its living food; and it belonged to Buck as he clung to the flank of the herd, retarding its march, irritating the young bulls,

HE FOLLOWED WITH WILD LEAPINGS

worrying the cows with their half-grown calves, and driving the wounded bull mad with helpless rage. For half a day this continued. Buck multiplied himself, attacking from all sides, enveloping the herd in a whirlwind of menace, cutting out his victim as fast as it could rejoin its mates, wearing out the patience of creatures preyed upon, which is a lesser patience than that of creatures preying.

As the day wore along and the sun dropped to its bed in the Northwest (the darkness had come back and the fall nights were six hours long), the young bulls retraced their steps more and more reluctantly to the aid of their beset leader. The down-coming winter was hurrying them on to the lower levels, and it seemed they could never shake off this tireless creature that held them back. Besides, it was not the life of the herd or of the young bulls that was threatened. The life only of one member was demanded, which was a remoter interest than their lives, and in the end they were content to pay the toll.

As twilight fell, the old bull stood with lowered head watching his mates—the cows he had known, the calves he had fathered, the bulls he had mastered—as they shambled on at a rapid pace through the fading light. He could not follow, for before his nose leaped the merciless fanged terror that would not let him go. Three hundredweight more than half a ton he weighed, he had lived a long, strong life full of fight and struggle, and at the end he faced death at the teeth of a creature whose head did not reach beyond his great knuckled knees.

From then on, night and day, Buck never left his prey, never gave it a moment's rest, never permitted it to browse the leaves of trees or the shoots of young birch and willow. Nor did he give the wounded bull opportunity to allay his burning thirst in the slender trickling streams they crossed. Often, in desperation, he burst into long stretches of flight. At such times Buck did not attempt to stay him, but loped easily at his heels, satisfied with the way the game was played, lying down when the moose stood still, attacking him fiercely when he strove to eat or drink.

The great head drooped more and more under its tree of horns, and the shambling trot grew weak and weaker. He took to standing for long periods, with nose to the ground and dejected ears dropped limply, and Buck found more time in which to get water for himself and in which to rest. At such moments, panting with red-lolling tongue and with eyes fixed upon the big bull, it appeared to Buck that a change was coming over the face of things. He could feel a new stir in the land. As the moose were coming into the land other kinds of life were coming in. Forest and stream and air seemed palpitant with their presence. The news of it was borne in upon him, not by sight or sound or smell, but by some other and subtler sense. He heard nothing, saw nothing, yet knew that the land was somehow different, that through it strange things were afoot and ranging, and he resolved to investigate after he had finished the business in hand.

At last, at the end of the fourth day, he pulled the great moose down. For a day and a night he remained by the kill, eating and sleeping turn and turn about. Then, rested, refreshed and strong, he turned his face toward camp and John Thornton. He broke into the long easy lope, and went on hour after hour, never at loss for the tangled way, heading straight home through strange country with a certitude of direction that put man and his magnetic needle to shame.

As he held on he became more and more conscious of the new stir in the land. There was life abroad in it different from the life which had been there throughout the summer. No longer was this fact borne in upon him in some subtle, mysterious way. The birds talked of it, the squirrels chattered about it, the very breeze whispered of it. Several times he stopped and drew in the fresh morning air in great sniffs, reading a message which made him leap on with greater speed. He was oppressed by a sense of calamity happening, if it were not calamity already happened, and as he crossed the last water shed and dropped down into the valley toward camp he proceeded with greater caution.

Three miles away he came upon a fresh trail that sent his neck hair rippling and bristling. It led straight toward camp and John Thornton. Buck hurried on, swiftly and stealthily, every nerve straining and tense, alert to the multitudinous details which told a story all but the end. His nose gave him a varying description of the passage of the life on the heels of which he was traveling. He remarked the pregnant silence of the forest. The bird life had fitted. The squirrels were in hiding. One only he saw—a sleek, gray fellow, flattened against a gray, dead limb so that he seemed a part of it, a woody excrescence upon the wood itself.

As Buck slid along with the obscurity of a gliding shadow his nose was jerked suddenly to the side as though a positive force had gripped and pulled it. He followed the new scent into a thicket and found Nig. He was lying on his side, dead where he had dragged himself, an arrow protruding, head and feathers, from either side of his body.

A hundred yards farther on Buck came upon one of the sled-dogs Thornton had bought in Dawson. This dog was thrashing about in a death-struggle, directly on the trail, and Buck passed around him without stopping. From the camp came the faint sound of many voices, rising and falling in a sing-song chant. Bellying forward to the edge of the clearing he found Hans, lying on his face, feathered with arrows like a porcupine. At the same instant Buck peered out where the spruce-bough lodge had been and saw what made his hair leap straight up on his neck and shoulders. A gust of overpowering rage swept over him. He did not know that he growled, but he growled aloud with a terrible ferocity. For the last time in his life he allowed passion to usurp cunning and reason, and it was because of his great love for John Thornton that he lost his head.

The Yeehats were dancing about the wreckage of the spruce-bough lodge when they heard a fearful roaring, and saw rushing upon them an animal the like of which they had never seen before. It was Buck, a live hurricane of fury, hurling himself upon them in a frenzy to destroy. He sprang at the foremost man (it was the chief of the Yeehats), ripping the throat wide open till the rent jugular spouted a fountain of blood. He did not pause to worry the victim, but ripped in passing, with the next bound tearing wide the throat of a second man. There was no withstanding him. He plunged about in their very midst, tearing, rending, destroying in constant and terrific motion which defied the arrows they discharged at him. In fact, so inconceivably rapid were his movements, and so closely were the Indians tangled together that they shot one another with the arrows, and one young hunter hurling a spear at Buck in midair drove it through the chest of another hunter with such force that the point broke through the skin of the back and stood out beyond. Then a panic seized the Yeehats, and they fled in terror to the woods, proclaiming as they fled the advent of the Evil Spirit.

And truly Buck was the Fiend incarnate, raging at their heels and dragging them down like deer as they raced through the trees. It was a fateful day for the Yeehats. They scattered far and wide over the country, and it was not till a week later that the last of the survivors gathered together in a lower valley and counted their losses. As for Buck, wearying of the pursuit, he returned to the desolated camp. He found Pete where he had been killed in his blankets in the first moment of surprise. Thornton's desperate struggle was fresh-written on the earth, and Buck scented every detail of it down to the edge of a deep pool. By the edge, head and forefeet in the water, lay Skeet, faithful to the last. The pool itself, muddy and discolored from the sluice-boxes, effectually hid what it contained, and it contained John Thornton, for Buck followed his trace into the water, from which no trace led away.

All day Buck brooded by the pool or roamed restlessly about the camp. Death, as a cessation of movement, as a passing out and away from the lives of the living, he knew, and he knew John Thornton was dead. It left a great void in him, somewhat akin to hunger, but a void which ached and ached and which meat could not fill. At times when he paused to contemplate the carcasses of the Yeehats he forgot the pain of it; and at such times he was aware of a great pride in himself, a pride greater than any he had yet experienced. He had killed man, the noblest game of all, and he had killed in the face of the law of club and fang. He sniffed the bodies curiously. They had died so easily. It was harder to kill a husky dog than them. They were no match at all—were it not for their arrows and spears and clubs. Thenceforward he would be unafraid of them except when they bore in their hands their arrows, spears and clubs.

Night came on, and a full moon rose high over the trees into the sky, lighting the land till it lay bathed in ghostly day. And with the coming of the night, brooding and mourning by the pool, Buck became alive to a stirring of the new life in the forest other than that which the Yeehats had made. He stood up, listening and scenting. From far away drifted a faint, sharp yelp, followed by a chorus of similar sharp yelps. As the moments passed the yelps grew closer and louder. Again Buck knew them as things heard in that other world which persisted in his memory. He walked to the centre of the open space and listened. It was the call, the many-noted call, sounding more luringly and compellingly than ever before. And as never before he was ready to obey. John Thornton was dead. The last tie was broken. Man and the claims of man no longer bound him.

Hunting their living meat as the Yeehats were hunting it on the flanks of the migrating moose, the wolf-pack had at last crossed over from the land of streams and timber and invaded Buck's valley. Into the clearing where the moonlight streamed they poured in a silvery flood. And in the centre of the clearing stood Buck, motionless as a statue, waiting their coming. They were awed, so still and large he stood, and a moment's pause fell till the boldest one leaped straight for him. Like a flash Buck struck, breaking the neck. Then he stood, without movement, as before, the stricken wolf rolling in agony behind him. Three others tried it in sharp succession; and one after the other they drew back, streaming blood from slashed throats or shoulders.

This was sufficient to flog the whole pack forward, pell-mell, crowded together, blocked and confused by its eagerness to pull down the prey. Buck's marvelous quickness and agility stood him in good stead. Pivoting on his hind-legs, and snapping and gashing, he was everywhere at once, presenting a front which was apparently unbroken, so swiftly did he whirl and guard from side to side. But to prevent them from getting behind him he was forced back, down past the pool and into the creek-bed, till he brought up against a high gravel bank. He worked along to a right-angle in the

(Continued on Page 22)

THE GREAT HEAD DROOPED MORE AND MORE UNDER ITS TREE OF HORNS

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

¶ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal bankers' or express money orders. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ To act is first; tact, the rest

¶ The early worm catches the fish

¶ Poverty is a good start but a bad goal.

¶ The ladder of fame is climbed on rounds of applause.

¶ If ignorance were bliss the world would be a fool's paradise

¶ It is better to be hayseedy in the country than seedy in town

¶ If all the strikers materialize they will soon strike out Prosperity

¶ The harder you kick the other fellow the more you will hurt your foot

¶ The odors from the postal situation are not altogether from the dead letter office

¶ Possibly Mr. Bryan would prefer to meet Mr. Cleveland on equal terms. Mr. Cleveland has already had two

¶ Governor Pennypacker's new libel law was a big charge and the explosion made a great noise — but it missed the target and kicked hardest in the butt

¶ "Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead," said Poor Richard, but to-day the remaining one would have to burn up his letters and keep away from the reporters

The Important Question

IN ONE of the most crowded of our summer resorts there has been for years a queer, pathetic figure at which the boys laugh and their elders look with a tug at the heart of which they don't care to find the meaning.

It is a tall, serious man who from dawn until night goes up and down the long wooden walk along the beach removing from it every scrap of paper or banana skin or anything that would spoil its decorous neatness. He wears an old braided coat and hat — tradition, indeed, a tradition that he was once an Admiral.

He is treated everybody as he is but should as he might grave y as "Admiral."

"What do you think of the Walk this morning?" he will ask them anxiously. "I beg it before dawn and stop only at nine o'clock, but I never can make it as perfect as I wish. The boys are thoughtless with their peanuts. They forget that it

But if you ask him who gave him charge of the Walk, his pale blue eyes wander vaguely, and he hurries on more eager and anxious in his task than before.

There are tens of thousands of men and women who know the "Admiral." Millionaires and hobbies and fashion-ridden folk, all people of idle empty lives who eat and yawn and sleep and wake to eat again, and who go to this resort because it is a good place to sleep and eat. But, one and all, while they laugh at the poor crazed officer, secretly respect him.

The man who has something to do in the world and who does it with his whole strength and soul is always respected, be he as mad as Touchstone.

The American idea of making a man is to prepare him to do something, not to give him something to do. He is sent to college, to Paris, to Berlin, to take in more knowledge and more accomplishments, under which he often staggers like a mule too heavily laden. But some penniless boy who, like the poor "Admiral," is possessed with the idea that he is sent here to do one certain work, be it to study fishes or surgery or to get at the plain truth in politics, plods on and becomes an Agassiz, or a Lorens, or a Lincoln, or a Cleveland.

"My boy," says the proud mother, "has an all-round talent. He will excel in any pursuit."

But it is the man who is possessed by his work that excels, after all.

We brag much, lately, of the education which American universities are giving to the sons of our rich men. But we should rather take them by the shoulders and say, "What are these scraps of science and languages and philosophy? Tools which you have not yet learned to use. But what is your work? What is the job that is given you to do before you sleep? Have you that in hand? Have you talked to the Master about it?"

A Legacy of Slavery

A WOMAN who had struggled long and vainly with a servant whose "mind was never on his work" finally said: "If what you're thinking about all the time pays you better than your work, why don't you work at it? If it doesn't pay you, why do you think of it and neglect that which does pay you?"

When you come to look at it, what could be more ridiculous than a human being pretending to be rational yet approaching that which provides him with food, clothing and shelter, and enables him to continue to clothe himself in his self respect, in the spirit of one taking up a hateful task that must be dispatched and dismissed as speedily as possible? What will all these human beings do with all the idle time they'll have if they get the hours of labor cut down to forty or forty-eight out of the one hundred and twelve waking hours in the week? Improve their minds? Hardly, for of all the forms of fierce toil that is the fiercest, the one which only the exceptional man undertakes, and he not often of his own free will.

The notion that labor is a curse dates from the time when all but a few human beings were slaves working under the lash for board and a breech-clout. It dies hard — which is fortunate for the few who are willing workers, because it makes their progress swifter.

From Talk to Action

THE most striking feature of the German election returns is not the fact that the Socialists have cast over three million votes in the Empire, a gain of nine hundred thousand in five years, but their success in polling a clear majority of a hundred thousand over all opponents in the Kingdom of Saxony. They are still a long way short of controlling the German Empire, and since their strength is chiefly in the cities they may never get that control. But it is not without reason that they boast that Saxony is already a Socialist State, and that, when you come to think of it, is a tremendous fact.

There is no parallel to it in the history of civilization. Hitherto Socialism has been a theory. It has been debated by doctrinaires; it has sometimes been applied in microscopic experiments, but never has it captured the government of a State as important as Saxony.

It would seem to be good policy for the German Socialists to concentrate their efforts on making Saxony an object lesson in the value of their theories. Of course their road is not yet clear. The lower house of the Saxon Parliament is chosen by a complicated system of double election and most of the members of the upper are appointed for life. Still these paper barriers cannot long stand against a determined popular majority of a hundred thousand. If the Saxon people really want Socialism they can get it.

Like the other German States and the Empire itself, Saxony has advanced some distance in this direction already. The railroads and telegraphs are public property. The business which in this country is done by express companies, insurance companies and private savings banks is done there largely by public agencies, municipal, royal or imperial. If we should begin now to socialize our business affairs it would take us twenty years to reach the point at which Germany stands to-day.

Since the State in Germany now does everything that it can do [illegible] with the maintenance of the present social system the advocates of a new social system have no preliminaries to dispose of before putting their own theories to a complete test. They have waded through the shallows of public ownership of public utilities, and the next move must be to strike out into the deep water of Socialism.

It seems to be "up to" the German Socialists to try this experiment in Saxony. A kingdom as populous as Ohio furnishes an ample field for a fair test. The great cotton mills of Chemnitz, the machine-shops of Zwickau, the type foundries of Leipzig, the mines of the Erzgebirge, would be impressive examples of socialized industry if they were worked successfully by the State. Probably the success of such an experiment would complete the triumph of the Social Democrats in the German Empire and it would certainly give a powerful impetus to their agitation throughout the world. On the other hand, its failure would, of course, have a dampening effect on the movement everywhere. But the Socialists must believe that their theories would work well or they would not hold them. They have been talking for a good many years with great effect. Now is their opportunity to act.

The Political Weather Makers

REPUBLICAN politicians are meeting in State conventions and are resolving that the prosperity of the country is due solely to them, and that the way to keep prosperous is to keep them in office. Democratic politicians are likewise meeting and are resolving that the prosperity is due to the people, the unequal division of it to the Republicans, and that its continuance can be insured only by turning the Republicans out and putting Democrats in. And the Populists are assembling and are saying that prosperity is a delusion which can be changed into a reality only by putting Populists at the helm.

"If we were to look to Washington to know when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want for bread," said Jefferson. Prosperity comes from the sky and from the earth, not from the politicians. Given good crops and good prices for them and the country prospers, no matter which brood of politicians plagues or blesses it as you please. Given short crops and bad prices and we have hard times, and all the politicians plus all the Morgans and all the Rockefellers can't save us.

Watch the politicians — not for signs of prosperity, but because they need watching — need it badly; but for signs of prosperity or poverty, watch the crops.

What Makes the World Go Round

SEVERAL men of affairs were discussing not long ago what quality was rarest. One spoke for brains — but all the others disputed him, and he presently admitted that there were plenty of fellows with brains enough and to spare. Another spoke for energy — and all agreed that the capacity to keep hard at it in season and out of season was difficult to find. Then a third suggested judgment — the ability to know what to do and what not to do, when to do, when to refrain from doing. It was admitted, after some argument, that this was rarer. "I have not met half a dozen men in my life," said one who was President of a railroad, "who combined judgment with enthusiasm. I'm inclined to think that enthusiasm, intelligent enthusiasm, is the rarest quality."

Last of all a financier whose name is known all over this country spoke up. "I should say that character is the rarest quality," said he. "Not honesty, for everybody is honest according to his lights. But the disposition and the courage to do right regardless of consequences and without trying to induce conscience to say that wrong is right or almost right."

After a silence the railroad man said: "The world won't move very fast if that quality were less rare than it is."

"It doesn't move very fast," replied the financier, "and that's the whole reason."

The New Kind of Graduates

IT IS a significant sign of the times that in the lists of occupations in the graduating classes both at Harvard and Yale, this year, business led.

Not so very long ago such a thing would have been thought impossible. One of the professions would have been in the top place and the others would have come after it. Business would have been hid under various subterfuges.

But now business proclaims itself boldly and exceeds all other callings. It has come to its own. It has gained its ascendency and has vacated its dignity. To graduate for a business career is just as honorable as to graduate for the bar or the pulpit. Doubtless it has ever been as honorable in fact, but the important point is that it is as honorable in name.

We find no surplus in this calling. Business is wide enough and broad enough for all graduates. It suffers not from overcrowding. It has no fault to find with opportunities. It even faces a plethora of positions. It is the age itself, with all of its abounding activities and energies.

We salute the business graduates of the great universities

Farm Work for Microbes

A Pocket Army for Every Farmer to Levy on the Elements for Fertilizer

By Harold Bolce

IN PROPAGATING nitrogen breathing bacteria by the billion and shipping them without impairing their vitality, to all parts of the United States to be used in multiplying the yield of crops from 100 to 1000 per cent and in adding lasting fertility to the soil, the United States Government has brought about a great achievement in science. It is declared to be a wonderful thing even by progressive experts.

It is a triumph which those who know say, means the regeneration of the earth. It has passed the experimental stage, and the United States Government is now ready to start innumerable armies from the laboratories in Washington where they are recruited to levy upon the infinite supply of nitrogen in the air and convert it to the uses of mankind. Significant as the work of these bacteria will be in stimulating plant productivity and in renewing depleted soils, it will be equaled if not eclipsed by their further service of imparting to foodstuffs the albuminoids and proteids which are of primary importance in the diet of human beings and animals.

"That the agricultural future of the world is to depend on minute creatures reared by the American Government may sound incredible," said a Washington scientist, "but experts throughout the world have been eagerly awaiting results of our experiments. Many tests abundantly prove our claims. The world's problem in agriculture has been to secure available nitrogen for plant life. It has been known to students of agriculture that bacteria on the roots of legumes enabled them to absorb nitrogen from the air. The effort to cultivate these bacteria and to invent a method by which they could be preserved and transported to be used by farmers for the inoculation of seed crops, has absorbed the scientific attention of one branch of the United States Government for over a year. Now we have mastered the mystery of growth of these microscopic friends of husbandry and we are prepared to introduce a factor destined to revolutionize the whole field of American agriculture."

Henceforth the farmer, if he chooses, can get his fertilizing material in miniature packages by mail, instead of by the ton and wagon-load. Under the microscope a colony of these organisms, which to the naked eye forms a speck the size of a pin head, is found to contain hundreds of thousands of individuals. Ten million can be held in a thimble. In tiny oblongs of absorbent cotton—just the size and appearance of a cake of yeast—fifteen million of these nitrogen-breathing bacteria are shipped to farmers. One of these small packages contains enough to furnish complete fertilization for an acre. In the pockets of an ordinary working suit a farmer can readily carry 160 packages, containing 2,400,000,000 bacteria, enough to enrich the soil and vastly increase the yield on a quarter-section of land.

The Government's process for shipment brings about a condition of suspended animation in the bacteria. The farmer revives them by immersing them in water. The quickening of their activity by this baptism is marvelous. They are then fed on certain nutrient salts, whereupon the phenomenon of their amazing increase in numbers is believed to be unparalleled in nature. Beans, clovers, cowpeas, alfalfa, lupine, peas, lentils, esparcette, vetches, lathyrus, peanuts and other plants all require different bacteria. The Government gives full directions as to the kind of organisms to be used and in regard to the processes of inoculation. If directions are carefully followed by the farmer, the increase of his crops in poor soil will be, as stated, from 100 to 1000 per cent. Clover in a depleted soil that was producing only 200 pounds to the acre yielded as high as 2000 pounds to the same area after the nitrogen breathing bacteria were introduced to aid the plants.

The Work of the Platinum Spade

ALL the far-reaching benefits of the Government's discovery will be conferred without price upon the farmers of America. It is believed that when the possibilities of these nitrogen-gathering organisms are realized, their introduction throughout the United States will rival the enormous activity of seed distribution itself. To meet the inevitable demand, the Government is greatly elaborating its laboratory facilities.

It is with a platinum spade no larger than a flattened pin that the United States Government is cutting the way to the enrichment of American soil. "To see that diminutive platinum implement and realize what it has already accomplished and learn what sanguine expectations are based upon it," remarked a visitor to the Government's laboratories, "is a most impressive revelation of the marvelous accomplishments of modern science."

It is with this miniature spade that the plant physiologists have been enabled to dig out colonies of the bacteria and study their life habits. This has led to the successful propagation by artificial methods of the little creatures that give abundant promise, it is asserted, of renewing the life of a great part of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

To study these nitrogen-gathering bacteria the scientists at Washington, who now offer American agriculture the results of their remarkable discoveries, pro-

those in which the discoveries have been made. The work is carried on in great glass cages, the air in which is supplied through flues lined and covered at the point of inlet with cotton saturated with sterilizing chemicals. The walls of the compartments are washed down frequently with bichloride of mercury. It is necessary to exclude every atom of fungi and every malignant microbe that might attack the microscopic bacteria under development, and hence the air of the laboratories is purged of all noxious forms of life and rendered perfectly sterile. In this pure atmosphere science is working out the future of American agriculture.

It is there that the platinum spade is so serviceable. At one side of the investigator burns an oxyhydrogen light. Holding the implement by its wooden handle the platinum is plunged into the fierce flame. This metal, which does not fuse in that intense heat, is instantly freed of any organism that might have clung to it from preceding experiments. The nodules of legumes containing colonies of bacteria are then opened, the individuals dug out and studied under lenses which magnify the bacteria to 3000 times their natural size. By using the platinum implement first plunged into purifying flame, possibility of mixing the bacteria is avoided, as the organisms are prevented from being carried over from one experiment to another.

Having classified the bacteria under examination as the species adapted to clover, vetches, beans or other plants, the organisms are fed upon the special nutrient salts which repeated tests have shown to be favorable to their increase. German investigators operating along similar lines sought to rear the bacteria on sections and decoctions of the plant which, in their free state, they naturally select. This proved to be a failure, for though the creatures grew, the superabundance of nitrogenous food served them rendered them incapable of longer gathering it from the atmosphere. The mistaken method produced hearty looking bacteria but led to atrophy of the faculty that makes them valuable to agriculture.

The scientists at Washington, under the direction of Drs. Albert F. Woods and George T. Moore undertook to give the bacteria a food in which there was very little nitrate. The microscopic creatures grew and seemed hungry for more nitrogen. Instead of increasing the supply, the scientists diminished it, giving enough to sustain life and permit the development of the bacteria, but avoiding a diet for them that might weaken their capacity for beneficial work later on.

The results have been wonderful. Instead of retarding the growth of the organisms, it made them robust and intensified

LIFEBUOY
IS THE PEER OF ALL SOAPS

"I exclude all soaps from my home with the exception of Lifebuoy Soap, which in my opinion is the peer of all soaps for all uses." Mrs. F. Manning, Philadelphia, Pa.

AT ALL DEALERS

BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY
STRAIGHT BACK "STANLEY" TRUNKS
The New Kind
DRESSER TRUNKS
"On Approval"
THE HOMER LOCKING CO. Ltd. Toledo O

Tricycles for Cripples

PATENTS No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for Inventor's Guide
FRANKLIN H. HOUGH Washington, D. C.

their nitrogen-gathering power it had, seemingly an effect upon them analogous to that produced upon an athlete by careful diet and training

It is the next step that imparts to this great discovery its practical economic application After the bacteria had been reared to full maturity on the course of nutrient salts, the secret of which the Government withholds now for the protection of the people at large, the millions of microorganisms were soaked up on absorbent cotton and thoroughly dried After several months they were immersed in water and found to be not only alive but possessed of extraordinary activity. Fed on another series of nutrient salts, they multiplied amazingly

Tests were then made with seeds. Legumes reared in poor soils from seeds inoculated with these bacteria yielded prolificnlly. The same seed not inoculated, and planted in like soil, struggled feebly and yielded a crop insignificant in comparison with that reinforced by the nitrogen-breathing organisms

Little difficulty is expected to be encountered by the Department of Agriculture in convincing the farmers of the United States that an abundant increase awaits the introduction of laboratory bacteria into the soil Through the Government's discovery the farmer will know that he is inoculating his seed and his fields with benign organisms, for the sterilizing processes in the Government's laboratory work, as has been explained, make impossible the invasion of noxious parasites.

Assisting Doctors Moore and Woods in this important work are a number of young men equipped with most progressive ideas. Mr Karl F. Kellerman, Mr T. S. Robinson, Mr Dwight B. Ball and others have helped to develop successfully the incubation of the unnumbered billions of these infinitesimal gatherers of nitrogen. It is not necessary that the farmer should understand chemistry or any technical details of plant physiology to take advantage of the Government's new scientific discovery He gets his packages of bacteria and salts, and a printed formula as to their use. The packages are numbered and the preparatory steps clearly indicated. When he has prepared the seed he plants it just as he would if it were not inoculated Or he may introduce the bacteria into the soil independent of the seeds. Either method will render former crops in poor soil paltry in comparison with the prodigious yield made possible through the cooperation of the bacteria. For many years farmers have known that an occasional legum nous crop restored fertility to the soil. The Department of Agriculture now assures them that, without the presence of these bacteria or their introduction by the farmer, leguminous plants will assist in the exhaustion of the soil just as do non-nitrogen assimilating cereals.

Bacteria as Physicians

Professor W O Atwater and other specialists have deplored the decrease of nitrogenous elements in the diet of Americans. Protein, which contains nitrogen, they have pointed out, forms blood, muscle, bone, tendon and other tissues of the body, but they have found by analyses a deficient amount of protein in American foodstuffs. This, they have clearly explained, is due to the fact that although unlimited supplies of nitrogen hover over the world many of the plants reared by the farmer lack the power to absorb it

As physicians, therefore preparing a regimen rich in protein for the health and strength of the American people, these bacteria will perform unique labors

It has been explained above that the Government scientists in rearing these bacteria keep them hungry by feeding them on salts containing less and less nitrogen and that the organisms are then dried and shipped in a state of suspended animation. When revived, therefore by the farmer they are wonderfully voracious and their capacity for absorbing nitrogen, which in turn they bestow upon the plant, is very great, as is attested by the quick and luxurious growth of the crop It is providential that the food supply of these nitrogen feeders is inexhaustible. It is estimated by scientists that the atmosphere contains four million billion tons of nitrogen and what is taken from the air is restored by another genus of bacteria, freeing nitrogen from decaying vegetation which had employed it in attaining growth

The value of the Government's laboratory triumph will be more fully realized when it is recalled that up to the present time the [illegible] elimination from the soil of its nitrogen and the seeming impossibility of obtaining it in any large amounts from the air have caused specialists to alarm the world from time to time with grave and carefully calculated prophecies of a nitrogen famine

They believed that no agency could be found and generally diffused that could succeed in overcoming the inertia of nitrogen and obtaining it from the air. Therefore, with 38 000 tons of nitrogen suspended over every acre of land, it was predicted that the spectacle would ultimately be witnessed of the starvation of crops unable to absorb the vitalizing element The fact that an immense amount of energy is required in physics to make nitrogen unite with anything, lent substance to this saturnine prediction

When wood burns the heat radiated shows how powerful was the agency of the sun in supplying the energy and assembling the elements that made the growth of the tree possible. But mighty as the sun is, it is incapable of freeing nitrogen. The microscopic creatures which the Government is propagating in Washington are, therefore, able to accomplish what the sun is unable to perform. In the matter of the sun, however, it is providential that it cannot cope with nitrogen. If it could, scientists explain a deluge of nitric acid would annihilate all life and all the piled-up monuments of man's genius, and the earth would be a vast sepulchre

The Government's success in propagating these beneficial bacteria comes at an opportune time in the world's history. Guano deposits are nearly depleted, and the nitrate beds of Chile and Peru which in 1860 were estimated to contain enough of the fertilizing element to supply the world for fifteen centuries, are now found to be giving out, and at the present rate of exportation will be almost exhausted at the end of another generation

A SAFETY ENVELOPE

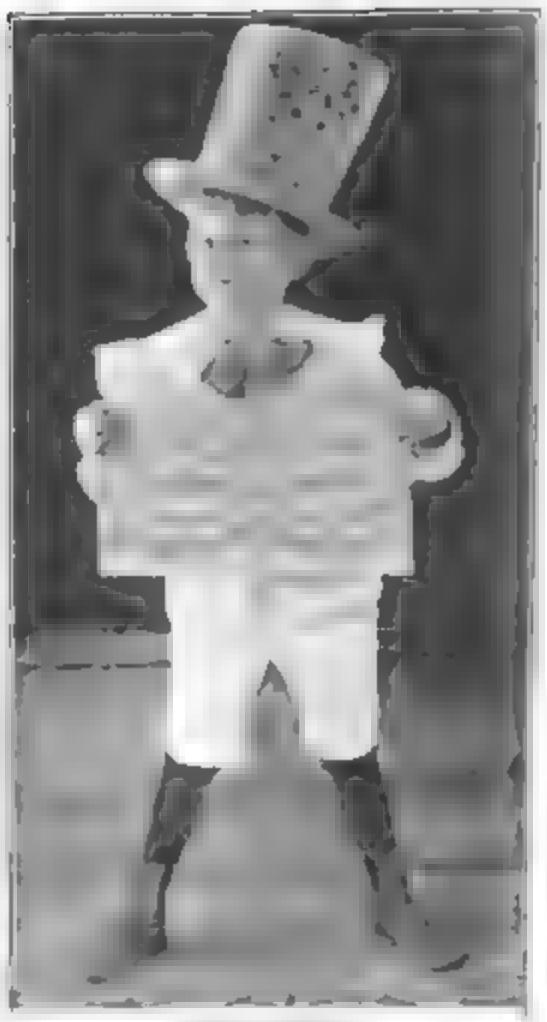
IT IS expected that the United States postal authorities, who are interested in every innovation designed to promote the service, will experiment with a safety-envelope which cannot be unlawfully opened without betraying that it has been tampered with This envelope, which has just been perfected is simple, adapted to all kinds of mail matter, and in its sealing requires no more time and attention than an ordinary envelope

What is now the top of the envelope is, in the new kind the bottom. The enclosure flap has one straight edge which extends in alignment with one side of the folded envelope. The other edge of the flap is a long oblique, the whole terminating in a round tip that extends and is adapted to bend over the envelope, in the upper right hand corner. The stamp is then placed half on the envelope proper and half on this folded extension of the flap Any attempt to unseal the letter mutilates the stamp Disturbance of this stamp while the letter is in transit would readily lead to detection, and it is believed that this simple device will result in an effective elimination of the remaining cases of unlawful letter opening.

The under surface-edges of the closure flap are provided with adhesive gum, and are sealed on the back of the envelope. There is therefore, no strain on the sealed extension over which the postage-stamp is placed The entire under surface of the rounded, projecting margin is gummed, to provide against accidental curling or bending. Envelopes may be made in various fanciful designs as with the ordinary variety, and the extended portion of the flap which receives a part of the postage-stamp may be designed by artistic fashion The principle of safety remains the same

It has long been the ambition of inventors and manufacturers to devise an envelope that could successfully resist fraudulent unsealing Affixing seals to the flaps in rear and stamping it with the monogram or emblem of the sender is too elaborate a process for every-day correspondence, particularly with firms that send out hundreds of letters daily

It is pointed out that the cleverest and most daring of offenders would not take the risk of opening a letter when that performance involved the mutilation of a stamp. To detect suspected persons, after these new envelopes come into use would be very simple The plan would be merely to keep track of a letter or a given number of letters while in a normal condition. The moment a stamp revealed that it had been disturbed, investigations would begin. On the last clerk or carrier to whom the letter had been given in perfect condition would rest the burden of proof



TANGLEFOOT STICKY FLY PAPER

Rain or Snow Proof Leather

Ideal Leather
The new leather which

WOLFF PROCESS LEATHER CO
Philadelphia

THIS SHOE IS MADE OF WOLFF'S PATENTED LEATHER

It was a pleasant thing

that happened in our London office the other day The representative of one of the largest dealers in fine toilet brushes called to look over our line. "He said he was surprised," "he had never seen the equal in quality and finish — the prices were high" —but he placed an order for some of the most expensive styles shown. The same brushes are shown by leading merchants in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver and San Francisco, as well as many other cities where merchants select the trade of refined people, who know and appreciate quality

ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD
167 Strand, W. C., London, England
The Flat-Iron, New York City, U. S. A.

Waverley

Model 21; Price, $880; With Top, $900.

Electric Vehicles

No complications. Turn on power and steer. Electric brake. Drop postal for catalogue. Many more models and prices.

POPE MOTOR CAR CO.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Agencies in all principal cities

From FACTORY to HOME

ON APPROVAL—to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory.

$25.00 ONLY for this beautiful Toilet Retail price $45.00. Choice quarter sawed golden oak; piano polish, hand carvings, handsomely shaped, French bevel, drawer fronts, upper drawer has center division and plush lining, 4 nickel drawers, two china cupboards; French bevel mirror 40 x 12 inches; solid brass [illegible] and casters. 46 in. wide, 20 in. deep.

CATALOGUE B—free. Describes 1,000 other bargains. FREE. Address 34 N. Ionia Street

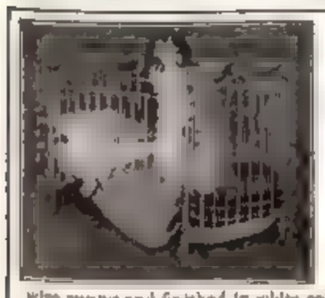
$10.50 A GENUINE BARGAIN. A complete writing desk, solid oak, handsomely finished; contains ample desk bed room, plenty of drawers, large standard height; drop leaf is fitted with automatic support, when extended makes desk 46 in. long, upper drawer fitted with lock and key, extension slides, ball bearing casters.

WE PAY FREIGHT east of Omaha and north of Tennessee—points beyond equalized

CATALOGUE A—Library and Office Furniture sent FREE if you address 34 N. Ionia Street

GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE MFG. CO.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Accident Proof Cribs



with high sliding sides and closely spaced spindles, prevent Mothers worrying, as the Baby can't fall out, [illegible] cover or stick its head through. Fitted with high grade woven wire spring and finished in white enamel or colors. Ask your dealer for Foster's No. 40 Ideal Crib.

our goods bear | IDEAL | this trade mark

For illustrated booklet address

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO., 4 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y.
Manufacturers of Foster's Ideal Spring Bed and the "Ideal" line of Iron Beds, Cribs, Divans, etc.

The "Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcase

Pronounced the [illegible] of users. Highly finished in solid Quarter Cut Oak. Price per section, with disappearing sliding door $1.75, without door, $1.00. Sent on approval, freight prepaid, direct from factory. Send for Catalog No. 25

The C. J. Lundstrom Co.
Little Falls, N. Y.
New York Salesroom, 45 West 4th Street

Sample Copy 10 Cents — The Editor — Franklin, Ohio

A Journal of Information for Writers

The Reading Table

A Fairy Story for Financiers

JUDGE WILLIAM H. MOORE, Chairman of the Rock Island Railway, takes great interest in young men, and the tales one hears in Wall Street of the generous aid he has given promising young men sound like old-time fairy stories. He delights in helping ambitious fellows over the hard places and giving them a free field for the exercise of their abilities. Not long ago there was a bright young law student in the office of a well known corporation lawyer in New York. The lawyer was engaged in preparing some important papers for the use of the Chicago financier in one of his large business undertakings, and the student, in performing some clerical work in the preparation of the papers, took pains to acquaint himself thoroughly with the intricate points of corporation law involved. He carefully studied why several unusual clauses had been inserted in the papers, and how they were intended to safeguard certain interests.

When a telegram came from Judge Moore asking that the papers be forwarded immediately to Chicago, the corporation lawyer intrusted their delivery to the student-clerk, who rushed off to Chicago by the first train. The next morning he was at Judge Moore's office. The railway chairman was glad to get the papers several hours earlier than he had expected them because they were to be brought before a directors' meeting that day, and it was a time when every hour counted. He began reading them at once. When he reached the important clauses it was plain that he was puzzled by their construction. He asked a clerk to get the New York lawyer on the telephone, but the lawyer was away at his country place. Turning to the young man who had brought the papers, Judge Moore said

"I am afraid your good service in bringing me these papers has been wasted, for I can't use them until some features are explained to me. The fact that I can't make use of them to-day means more to me than I want to tell."

"I think I can help you, sir," volunteered the young man. "Mr. —— did not tell me to do anything else but deliver this packet to you and take the first train back to New York, but I helped get the papers together and I understand them."

"You do? Well, you must be an unusual law clerk if you do," exclaimed the financier. "What does this clause mean?"

The young man analyzed the peculiar features of the document, explained why they had been put in, and the financier's face was soon smiling with enthusiasm

"Mr. —— did not tell me this, but I think that is what he would tell you," added the young man

"Your explanation is perfectly clear," said Judge Moore. "I've got to hurry off to a meeting of directors, but I want you to hang around here until to-morrow. Just telegraph to your office in New York that Judge Moore wants to keep you here to consult with you. In the mean time, I am going to make a little investment for you to show you that I appreciate your services."

It was a day of intense excitement on the Exchange, and the quotations of the stocks controlled by Judge Moore and his friends were rising rapidly. After the close of business the next day Judge Moore told the young man from New York to call at a certain Stock Exchange house and ask for a check in settlement of the account opened for him the day before by the Judge. The amount of the check was $11,000.

"Your services as a legal expert were worth that to me," said the Judge with a smile, when the young man protested that he had done nothing to deserve such a gratuity.

A Question of Profit

REPRESENTATIVE FORDNEY, of Michigan, was once summoned as witness in a case being tried at Saginaw, the summons being based on his expert knowledge of the lumber business. It appears that the whole case hinged on whether or no merchantable lumber had been supplied a certain firm, as set forth in its contract with the party of the second part. Representing the opposition there appeared a very vociferous lawyer who made up in noise what he lacked in argument. He would shout and roar and pound the table in front of him like a corner auctioneer.

"What," demanded counsel in stentorian tones of Mr. Fordney, "what do you regard as merchantable lumber?"

"Lumber that may be sold at a profit," replied the imperturbable Fordney

The lawyer pounded the table again, strutted about, shouted a deal more, and finally came back at Mr. Fordney in this wise:

"And what, sir, would you regard as merchantable grain?"

"I don't know anything about grain"

"Ah! You don't, you don't! Well, then, what about merchantable fruit?"

"Nor fruit. I am a lumberman"

"Come now, my dear sir. As to slabs and culls—should you say that *they* were merchantable?"

"They are products of the mills"

"Oh, ho!" fairly yelled the lawyer this time. "Can you tell the honorable court whether you have any ideas at all about any kind of merchantable goods?"

"Oh, yes," answered the redoubtable Fordney. "A lawyer, for example, who tries his case with his brains—I should call him a merchantable lawyer; but the one who tries his case with his mouth and his hands and feet I should call a cull!"

That closed the cross-examination.

A Point of Order

THE American propensity to joke is as strong in the councils of the nation as it is elsewhere. During a session of the last Congress a call for the "ayes and noes" had been demanded on a most important measure. When the "G's" were reached, the roll clerk called the name of a new member from Virginia, "Mr. Glass."

"Aye," shouted that gentleman lustily

The word "aye," following so closely upon the utterance by the clerk of the word "Glass," produced so ludicrous an effect that "Uncle Joe" Cannon, despite the seriousness of the occasion, quickly turning to his colleague on the left, remarked dryly:

"By George! Didn't know there was one in the House!"

Pearls that Grow in Trees

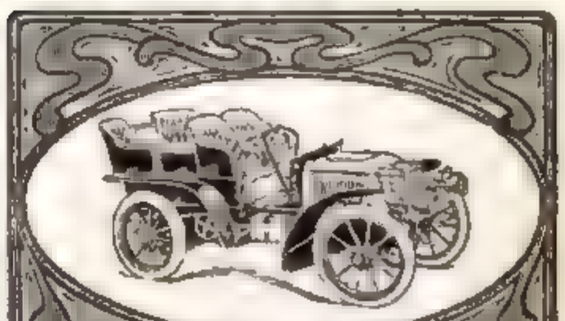
THE fact that cocoanuts sometimes contain pearls—properly so called, and quite similar to the pearls of mollusks—has been established beyond dispute. A specimen the size of a pea was exhibited recently by a gentleman of Boston, and its owner explained that such pearls were worth a good deal of money in the Malay Peninsula, where the native rajahs esteem them highly

These pearls are similar in composition to those of the so-called pearl oyster, being found by chemical analysis to consist of calcium carbonate and a small amount of organic matter. It is altogether a puzzle why the giant seed should produce such concretions, inasmuch as they cannot be due to an attempt, as is the case with the mollusk, to cover up irritating particles. Usually the pearls are found loose in the nuts, and occasionally they are as big as a canary's egg. In color they are bluish white, and, though spherical in most instances, they are occasionally egg-shaped

The Retort Courteous

GENERAL GREENE, of Rhode Island, is credited with a prompt and telling retort to the somewhat cold and pompous Russian, Count Gurowski, to whom a common acquaintance abruptly introduced him at Newport. The Count, without expressing by word or gesture any pleasure in making the acquaintance, peered slowly over his green spectacles at the General, and said very quietly: "I believe you have a great many generals in this country." "Yes," replied Greene, bowing; "almost as many as you have counts in Europe."

There are few neater repartees than the reply of Purcell to Lord Norbury, who, riding in the former's carriage and chancing to pass a gallows, asked: "Where would you be if every man had his due?" "Alone in my carriage," was the instant response. This is as good as Garrick's rebuke of Sterne. It is well known that the sentimentalist, who shed tears over a dead ass, treated his wife very unkindly, in spite of which he was foolish enough to maunder one day before the great actor in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burned over his head." "If you think so," quietly said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."



Automobiles

PANHARD

C. G. V.

Renault, Mors

Smith & Mabley
Licensed Importers under U. S. Patent Right.
Seventh Ave., cor. 38th St., New York

USED BY U. S. SIGNAL CORPS

Geneva Superior Binocular

$15.

It's magnifying power, field view and clearness of definition is seldom equalled, even in those binoculars costing twice as much. Ask your dealer for it. If he has none in stock, send us $15 and receive one on approval. If not satisfactory, return it (at our expense) We will refund your money

GENEVA OPTICAL CO., 36 Linden Street, Geneva, N. Y.
EXCLUSIVE SALES AGENTS
For New England A. J. Lloyd & Co., 333 Washington St., Boston
For New York. Ball & Lembke, 21 Union Square and 1 W. 42d St.
For Pittsburgh W. K. Stieren Co., 554 Smithfield St.
For California C. K. Wood, 1162 Wash. St., Oakland

The Summer Girl

loses half the pleasure of her outing when her skin tans "brown as a berry." To retain a pink-and-white complexion the summer long, use

Pozzoni's Complexion Powder

Made of purest materials. A delicate, refreshing preparation that imparts an added touch of beauty, prevents tan, freckles and that unwelcome "shininess," and is invisible when rightly used. Sold everywhere.

Full sized box on receipt of 50c.

J. A. POZZONI CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

CURIOSITY

The Motive that Leads to Knowledge

They say curiosity once killed a cat, but if it were not for curiosity little progress would be made. A Texan tells the following good story about his curiosity and what he learned about food: "One day down at the store I noticed a yellow package with a curious name, 'Grape-Nuts.' The name fascinated me and aroused my curiosity. I didn't like to display my ignorance by asking, so bought a package and took it home, where I read all about it. When wife and I tried it we thought it delightful and commenced using it morning and evening with cream.

"Before this I had suffered from lack of assimilation of food and my stomach was so weak that what I ate for breakfast seemed to lie there a long time before being digested. I was usually in distress and had no appetite for dinner. All this has changed since my diet has been largely on Grape-Nuts. I have gained steadily in strength, health and weight, sleep soundly at night and get up refreshed in the morning. Wife says I look like a new man and she herself has been greatly benefited by the food.

"After my breakfast of Grape-Nuts I don't need anything in the middle of the day as a rule, but I always keep a little of the food handy, and if I have any sense of exhaustion I just take a few mouthfuls of it. It gives me immediate relief and does not destroy my appetite for dinner but seems to sharpen it. It surprises me that we never seem to tire of Grape-Nuts although we have now been using it for several years." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the $7,500.00 cooks' contest for 735 money prizes.

As the mother rocks the cradle love transforms it to a kind of loom whereon her fond fancy weaves a bright colored future for her child. As the child grows the wise mother feeds his mind with precepts of integrity and industry; his brain and body with ALL-NOURISHING FOOD in order that he may be strong for life's battles and find an honored place with men

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit

is the Natural Food—the food whose each integral part has an exact counterpart in the human body—the food that builds the perfect whole because it builds the perfect parts. **The perfect food to perfect man. SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT is more porous than any other food—that means more digestible.** It is quickly transformed into rich blood, firm flesh, hardy muscles and active brain. Sold by all grocers

Send for "The Vital Question" (Cook Book, illustrated in colors) FREE. Address

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

MICROBES,
harmful to the skin, destroy the most beautiful complexion. They thrive on impurities. Use only
LABLACHE
Face Powder. Its delicate natural flower perfume is a powerful antiseptic which destroys germs and prevents contagion. LABLACHE removes impurities, makes the skin soft, smooth and velvety, restores a faded complexion, and heightens a beautiful one. *Beware of dangerous substitutes.* Flesh, White, Pink, Cream Tints. 50c. a box. Druggists or by mail.
BEN LEVY & CO., French Perfumers, 125 Kingston St., Boston

REDUCED RATES ON HOUSEHOLD GOODS
to and from California, Washington, Oregon, Colorado. *Map of Los Angeles and San Francisco, FREE.* Write
Boston Household Shipping Co., 99 Dearborn St., Chicago

LITERARY FOLK
Their Ways and Their Work

A FABLE FOR EXPATRIATES—What Mr. James has to say, in one of his short stories, on potted snobs.

¶ There is, in one of Mr. Henry James' recent short stories—Mrs. Medwin, by name, published in a collection called The Better Sort—a very instructive comment on the American abroad. The story is, if you wish, exceedingly snobbish. There is something affronting in the sight of an American writer seeming to patronize through his characters his countrymen and the land of his birth. But Mr. James, for all that in his long years of residence abroad he has been said to have become more a royalist than the King, is too much an artist to be snobbish—though he is at times distressingly clear-sighted—and too good a philosopher to be naïvely shallow. Mr. James has a purpose. His Mrs. Medwin is a story about snobbish people who do and say snobbish things in the blind purpose—wooden-headed pawns of the gods that they are—of making clear the essential foolishness of snobbery in general and more specifically of what, for want of a fitter word, may be called potted snobbery. There is, of course, the common or garden, native-born snob, who flourishes rankly in every soil. There is also the snob who contrives to get himself potted, and taken up into the conservatory, where he quite assumes the air of belonging. An American traveler once came upon a gigantic milkweed carefully tended and watered, growing in the Berlin Botanical Gardens—and it was amazing how regal the plain mullein had grown!

Well, Mr. James' story has to do with the Mulleins abroad. He finds that the Mulleins which try to grow into orchids and begonias fare very badly indeed; whereas their brothers and sisters who quietly assume that a mullein has as good a right to grow as anything else with leaves and roots, and in that assumption look the sun plainly between the eyes, grow fat and flourish. It is the American whom the English find so "diabolically American" that they like. Thackeray's Comte de Florac, who rode across the English fields in such enthusiastic hunting pink and burst suddenly, as it were overnight, into such a ruddy bloom of English squirearchy, was taken up by the native gentry, not because he made a success of the part, but because he failed in it so delightfully, because he remained inalterably so perfect, so simply, so deliciously a Frenchman. The Southerner, who is always so prodigiously popular in the North, is popular because he *is* Southern—because, to go deeper, he is honest, unaffected, simple, sincere. Sincerity is the essence of presence and style. That is why the peasant is said to have style; he does not know how to be other than he is. That is why the man who is perpetually trying to be some one else can never be himself. That is why the man who is ashamed of his birth, his race, his country, *himself*, will have such sour bread and bitter drink at his hostess' table. Read between the lines of Mrs. Medwin and see.

QUILLER-COUCH, THE PRINCE OF PROMISE—He leads a bold foray but never carries off the crown.

¶ Like knowledge, a little excellence is a dangerous thing. Not even the most ingrained and care-hardened reformer can be *forever* faultfinding. There are birds that it would be a waste of powder to shoot, accidents that it is a waste of time to explain, and men with whom the only course is to praise what virtues they have. Others there are so good that it becomes a pity they are not better. Like lightning-rods, they draw all the storm.

Mr. Quiller-Couch is precisely one of those writers who is forever tantalizing one into the wish that the Prince of Promise might come to his own. He never does; he is always just over the border drumming up his recruits for another raid. The Adventures of Harry Revel is the last of what has now grown to be a longish string of titles behind their author's name. It is an excellent story—in spots—full of clever writing, and at moments breathing the breath of life—the best that can be said of any book; yet its very excellences betray the reader into a sense of injury and wrong.

"Q" has been always the story-teller, never the novelist—there is a chance to quarrel over the statement; not every one agrees on the same definition of the term; but, without striving for the last refinement of precision, is not the story-teller the musician of a swift and moving melody, the novelist the composer of the nobly complicate and swelling harmony?—The Adventures of Harry Revel is a story, the story of a foundling told in the first person, and one has no right, as has been done, to bully it for not being a dramatic novel. There are, too, certain conventions in this form of narrative with which it is perhaps not generous to quarrel. It may be permitted the narrator to remember more than he could have remembered and to throw back into the doubts of his childhood a little of the light of his later experience; but surely those shaded paths should not blaze and ring like a city street. There are episodes in the childhood of Harry so capitally done, so done to the life, so sharp drawn, so clear-cut and polished, such racy little touches of dialect and humor, that the author, the manipulator of effects behind the puppet Harry, stands self-confessed. Nobody but an infant De Quincy, amusing himself in the moments between recitations by lampooning the masters in Greek and going about the country with a notebook and pencil in his pocket, could have such an ear for style—and Harry was a foundling chimney-sweep. Such are the lesser excellences which the masters of the greater forbear.

Nor is the conduct of the narrative itself without fault. Indeed, to say the word, it has the worst fault of conduct: it conducts nowhere. One has the same sense of injury that the Scotchman is said to have held against claret—"a varra pleesant wine; but I no seem to be getting forrarder." The heroine, with whom one has fairly begun to fall in love, dies for no purpose that reveals itself in the suggestion of the story; the villain, to be sure, meets a very satisfying and much-merited end, but the hero comes back from the wars much as he went, both as to fortunes and friends, and the whole intrigue of Plinlimmon and the inheritance melts into moonshine. Everything moves, everything has a great shaking up, but nothing gets anywhere.

Either, says the baffled reader, this is a chapter of adventure from a man's life—one of those interesting accidents which befall a man without explicable connection to what went before or is to come after, a chapter complete in itself; and in this case it was unfair to trick me into expecting wider relations and larger development, which were never intended: or, and he faces the other horn of the dilemma, my author found he had taken up more than he could carry and laid down the load at the last moment as gracefully as he might, with a light air of only having meant to fill his pockets and being now off and about his business again.

The Prince of Promise is pleasant company for an hour of talk across the table, and there will always be those to listen—but he's getting on in years now and it looks as if he never would be King.

HO! FOR THE SPANISH MAIN!—Oh, who will be a boucanier and rove the seas with me?

¶ The revulsion of an over-pampered taste against "historical" novels has so far impressed itself upon the publishers that wherever there has been the likelihood of a doubt they have advertised "Not an historical novel." Mr. George Gibbs, in his The Love of Monsieur, which comes in some sort as a distant sequel to In Search of Mademoiselle, carries this distrust into a specific prefatory statement. There are no "portraits" of "personages," no political economy, statecraft, or warmed-over history, but the setting is not of our time and the interest is purely romantic. A story of brisk adventure with probably a touch of sea salt to savor it is what one might expect from Mr. Gibbs, and what one has. The story relies strictly on its merits as a story, on the old and frank love of adventure, of intrigue, perplexity and daring. There are no subtleties and no "psychology." If the reader does not like the kind of story The Love of Monsieur confesses itself to be, he will not be tricked into unexpected disappointments. He may look for cards and quarrels, missing heirs, pirates, mutinies, captures, prizes and rescues from the first page.

THE DUPLEX DASHER
A perfect beating mechanism. Did you ever beat eggs with a spoon and another time with an egg-beater? There's as much difference in the beating of the cream in an ordinary freezer and beating it in the
TRIPLE MOTION
White Mountain
ICE CREAM FREEZER
The constant agitation of the mixture causes it to freeze faster and smoother than is possible in any other freezer.
FREE—The new edition of "Frozen Dainties," the standard authority for frozen dessert recipes, is ready
THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.
Dept. D, Nashua, N. H.

Perfect Fitting Shirts to Measure $1.50

We seem to have supplied a long-felt want. Letters pour in with every mail in response to our advertising to make shirts to measure at as little as the price for store-bought shirts.
If you have ever had any trouble in getting just what you want in shirts, either in fit or colors, write to us for our Self-Measurement Chart and samples of the very newest domestic and imported shirtings. Give us an idea of colors and patterns preferred. We have hundreds of styles, and you may have just what you want, made just the way you want it.
The chart is easily filled out and is filed forever. You have nothing to do afterwards but order shirts from us.
BEACH & NEWELL
1133 Broadway
NEW YORK
References: Western National Bank, New York

Beats the Fire
A slight blaze may become a conflagration if you are not ready for it. Buy
BADGER'S
FIRE EXTINGUISHER
and be ready. Puts out any Fire instantly. Strong and Reliable. The embodiment of Simplicity. A Child can use it. No parts to lose or break.
Agents Wanted
In every city and town. Exclusive territory. Liberal commissions.
Badger Fire Extinguisher Co.
Dept. B, 33 Portland St., Boston, Mass.

INVISIBLE SUSPENDER Worn Under Shirt 50-75c. Booklet Free
The Invisible Suspender Co.
70 Deshler Blk. Columbus, O.

GINSENG Most valuable crop in the world. Easily cultivated. Demand increasing. Room in your garden. Seeds and Plants For Sale. Illustrated book 4c. Ginseng Culture magazine 25c a year.
OZARK GINSENG CO., Dept. T, JOPLIN, MO.

CHEAP RATES California, Washington, Oregon, Colorado. We secure reduced rates on household goods of intending settlers to the above States. Write for rates. *Map of California, FREE.*
Trans-Continental Freight Co., X-925 Dearborn St., Chicago

Prize Puzzle

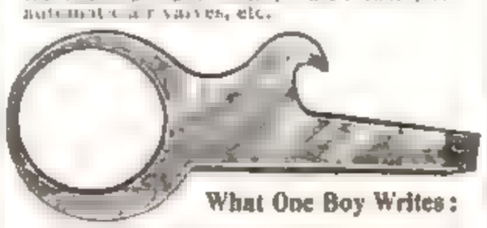
WHO IS IT?

This is one of the Presidents who always used

Williams' Shaving Soap

How many bright boys and girls can tell who it is?

To any one sending the correct name with 2 cent stamp to cover cost of mailing, we will forward, prepaid, a neat [illegible] pocket novelty in the shape of key-ring, letter opener, paper cutter and screwdriver combined. A handy article that every man and boy will find many uses for every day. Handy for the chauffeur, the bicycle rider, for opening cigar boxes, watch cases, for automobile air valves, etc.



What One Boy Writes:

"Please send me another Puzzle. The one I received is the best I needed. I ride a bicycle and the puzzle is splendid for tightening screws and nuts. The reason I want another is my brother is in need with mine and offered me a quarter if I would get it for him."

Address Dept. 37

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

ENTRANCING THE EDISON

PHONOGRAPH

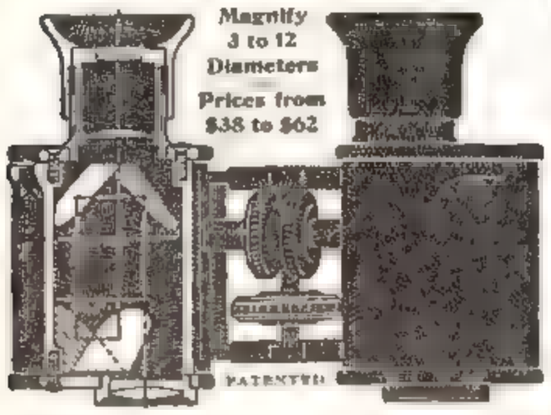
Don't judge the **Phonograph** by what you have heard—the imitations or the old styles—but call at the nearest dealer's and hear the **Phonograph** with Mr. Edison's recent improvements.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., Orange, N. J.

NEW YORK 353 Fourteenth St. CHICAGO 144 Wabash Ave. SAN FRANCISCO 933 Market St.

EUROPE: ANTWERP, BELGIUM, 34 Rempart St. Georges.

Triëder-Binoculars



Magnify at equal size 8 to 10 times more than old style glasses and at equal magnification show 8 to 10 times larger field. Unexcelled for Racing, Hunting, Field, Yachting and Military purposes; also for Theater use.

The names C. P. Goerz and Trieder-Binocle are on every glass

Catalogue free from your optician or

C. P. GOERZ OPTICAL WORKS, Room 22, 52 E. Union Sq., N. Y.

Main Office and Factory, BERLIN, GERMANY

BRANCH OFFICES: 4-5 Holborn Circus, London, England; 22 Rue de l'Entrepot, Paris, France

STARK TREES Largest Nursery. Result of 78 years experience. **SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL**

Fruit Book free.

STARK BROS, Louisiana, Mo., Dansville, N. Y., Etc

Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

A New Use for Talking-Machines

BASED on experiments conducted by Professor Sylvester D. Judd, a project is mooted among scientific men to secure graphophone records of the songs of birds, the roars and cries of mammals and all available animal notes for the purpose, primarily, of assisting nature study in American public schools. Doctor Judd inaugurated the work by securing the songs of several species of birds. Meeting with some difficulty in obtaining the recording cylinder necessary for his purposes, he succeeded in manufacturing one himself, and then patiently taught a captive brown thrasher (*Harporhynchus rufus*) to sing into the horn. At first, the sound of the revolving apparatus disconcerted the thrasher. Removing the recording style, the scientist let the cylinder revolve indefinitely, until the bird became accustomed to the whirr. After a little the thrasher, known also as the brown thrush, resumed its singing, and then the graphophone was adjusted to secure a record. From a nearby hiding-place the ornithologist controlled the revolutions of the cylinder by means of a wire, shutting off the current the moment the thrasher's song became weak or faltering. In this way was secured a perfect record of this bird's exquisite melody. Its volume and timbre were pronounced faultless by the American Ornithologists' Union, before whose session the graphophone record was produced.

With equal success Doctor Judd has been experimenting with other birds, and his achievements are attracting attention in the scientific world. The educational possibilities of the undertaking are generally conceded. Nature study in schools is just now receiving more attention than ever before in history, particularly along lines of direct economic interest. Now that many species of valuable birds are threatened with extermination, it is regarded as especially important that the growing generation be made conversant with American bird life. Students taught from childhood the sounds of birds, faithfully reproduced by graphophones in the schoolroom, would be able instantly to recognize various species singing in the woods and fields. The exhibition of stuffed birds serves a valuable purpose in educational work; yet however skillful the taxidermist, it is difficult for the student, familiar only with embalmed species, to identify them on the wing or coyly calling to their mates.

Records may be secured of all birds which, in captivity, can be induced to sing and of all animals that are vocal in their cages. Even in the wilds it is believed that many of these songs and cries may be obtained by stationing recording graphophones in trees and other convenient stations and having them operated by scientists and others versed in woodcraft. These men, secreted in near-by grass or bushes, would lure desired birds and animals by imitating their notes.

With ample appropriation for an experimental expedition it is believed by scientists that records could be secured of a great variety of birds and animals. Graphophones would be especially constructed for the enterprise. If finally it were found impossible to obtain the songs and cries of certain species, the suggestion is made that as a substitution, experts might be employed to imitate these sounds before the graphophone. It is an interesting fact that among naturalists there are several whose bird and animal imitations are so perfect that most expert critics can detect no flaw. Prominent among these specialists is Dr. H. W. Olds, a Government ornithologist who is also a musician and composer. His bird whistling is pronounced perfect and he has sought to perpetuate these songs by publishing the scores of bird melodies. Pending the extension of Doctor Judd's interesting experiments, one of the projects is to ask Doctor Olds to whistle the whole repertoire of the birds of North America into the graphophone. That, however, is only a preliminary step, the desire being to get records direct from nature, and have them authenticated by scientists of repute.

If the Government is slow to act in this project, it is believed that big institutions of learning and even commercial firms will be willing to aid.

Save Half Your Cigar Money

And Get a Better Smoke

A simple business proposition. By our direct method, which cuts out all in between profits, we, the manufacturers, offer you two years' smoking for the ordinary retail price of one, **twice as many or twice as good** cigars for the same money, or the same number for **half the money.** A cigar as good as you now smoke—perhaps even better for **one-half** what you ordinarily pay at retail—**a straight 50% saving to you any way you figure it.** We offer you your choice of the many time-tested and tried brands of cigars which we formerly made for the wholesale trade at precisely the same prices we charged them; shipping them, charges prepaid.

DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY TO YOU

Our profits remain the same, you get the profits of the other fellows.

Our proposition rests upon our ability to please **you,** and thousands like you, even to the extent of building cigars especially for you, in case we cannot suit you from our regular stock. We pleased the consumer for years, with jobbers, salesmen and retailers between us, we cut out all the more so now, **dealing direct,** especially when

Saving You One-Half Your Smoking Expense?

This saving in price does not come out of the cigars—they are better than ever—it comes from saving you the jobbers', the salesmen's, and the retailers' profits—**three profits in your pocket.** "We don't claim that we make the best cigars on earth, but we do claim we can suit you;" and we do guarantee to give just the cigar you like at exactly the same prices we formerly charged the jobbers for the same values in lots of 10,000 to 100,000 cigars.

TESTIMONIAL:

Allegheny, Pa.

"Your cigars are perfectly satisfactory, except in one respect when one is smoked the temptation is too strong to repeat the operation." *Name supplied on request*

We have a simple method of ascertaining your exact preference with no risk to you. We send you a varied assortment, so you can make your own choice. If actual trial does not confirm all our claims—if your taste is not entirely suited, you will get

YOUR MONEY BACK

We have customers in every State and every part of every State in the Union to whom we sell our entire output

Direct at Actual Factory Prices,

nothing between us and you but a legitimate, close factory margin. Having selected **your** cigar, the smoke that suits **you,** you can depend upon getting exactly the same cigars from us in the future by the box just as you want them, the same every time, delivered at your door, all charges prepaid, in any quantity, boxes of 25, 50 or 100 cigars. **A perpetual guarantee follows every cigar we ship; we stand ready always to exchange or refund.** You will always be glad you gave us a trial, as thousands now are whose testimonials fill our files. Your own procrastination is all that stands between you and your complete satisfaction, combined with a very considerable money saving.

We will at first send you assortments from which to make selections. For **10** cents, an assortment of 12 cigars showing ten cent and two for a quarter values; for **35** cents, 12 high grade fives; for **$1.00,** a trial box of 25 cigars showing fifteen ten cent values and ten straight five cent cigars; for **$1.25,** an assortment of 25 ten cent and three for a quarter values, each separately wrapped and described, showing you how two for a quarter and ten cent cigars can be bought in boxes of 25 and 50 for from four to six cents each, others from two to three cents each, **all transportation charges prepaid,** or let us send you our free illustrated booklet "ROLLED REVERIES."

John B. Rogers & Company, "The Pioneers"

42 JARVIS STREET, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

ALWAYS READY FOR USE

No Honing! No Grinding!

Full Hollow Ground, $2.50 each

Double Concave, for extra heavy beards, $3.00.

ELECTRICALLY TEMPERED

Send for free book, "HINTS TO SHAVERS."

THE Carbo-Magnetic RAZOR

NO SMARTING AFTER SHAVING WITH ORDINARY CARBOLIC USE WILL

KEEP AN EDGE FOR YEARS WITHOUT HONING

Carbo-Magnetic Elastic Cushion Strop, $1.00 each

By all dealers in High-Grade Cutlery or sent by manufacturers postpaid.

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, Makers of Keen Kutter Cutlery, 443-444 Broadway, New York

I CLEAN BETWEEN THE TEETH, HENCE I AM A PECULIAR TOOTH BRUSH

Sold Only in a Yellow Box—for your protection. Curved handle and fine to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—**cleans between the teeth.** Hole in handle to hang [illegible] The cleanest, most sanitary person—the only ones who use our brush. Send for our free booklet. It's FREE.

The Prophylactic

Adults' 25c. Youths' 15c. Children's 25c. By mail or at dealers'. FLORENCE MFG. CO., 82 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

When Going West

Consult time tables of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Fast trains of superior equipment leave New York and Philadelphia at convenient hours. Three Limiteds for fastidious people who want extra comfort. Dining car service without parallel. Any ticket agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad can give full information concerning rates and routes.

I Can Save You Money!!

On Stationery, Printing and Engraving. Send for price list and estimates. Finest modern work; lowest prices. Send $1.00 and copy, for 50 letter-heads, and envelopes to match. 100 calling cards, 75c.

JOHN W. PARKS, Stationer

176 Federal Street BOSTON, MASS.

Cyclo

Suspenders

Built for Comfort, Elastic Web and a

Ball Bearing Back

Any Store, 50c

BALL BEARING SUSPENDER CO.
208 B. B. Ave., Shirley, Mass.

Unconditionally Guaranteed. Trimmings Will Not Rust

The Unstable Partner

(Continued from Page 11)

Tyce was standing in the hall outside the courtroom door. He made a slight motion of his head toward the district attorney's empty office on the other side of the hall, and went in there, Sutton following. Tyce crossed the empty room and leaned against the window casing. Sutton came up to the other side of the window, waiting, the note in his soiled hand, looking up at Tyce with calm, unblinking eyes. He saw that the lawyer was pale and guessed how he had spent the night.

"Do you remember the little Pole that was called Anton French?" Tyce began coolly.

"My memory's pretty fair," Sutton replied as coolly.

"I want to refresh it," Tyce went on "Anton married old man Mueller's stepdaughter. There was trouble in the house. Anton couldn't keep his hot little ape hands off the goods and chattels until the old man died. Mueller told him and the stepdaughter that he was going to leave the farm to his sister. Then he went out in the wheat field on a reaper. Anton came through the wheat and met the old man at the bottom of the field and tried to talk to him. Mueller just shook his head and turned the team. There was something the matter with the machine. The old man got off the seat and stooped to look, and Anton struck him over the base of the skull with the wrench and snatched the wallet out of his blouse pocket and dropped on all fours and ran off into the wheat like a dog. He peeked out of the wheat from time to time, but the horses and reaper stood still in the sun at the edge of the uncut grain, so by and by he crept back and looked; then he ran to a neighbor's and told them the old man had got dizzy in the sun and fallen off the machine and broken his neck. Anton had gone into an unlucky cattle-feeding speculation and owed you eight hundred and fifty dollars. The day before the funeral he and his wife came in and gave you a mortgage of a thousand dollars on the farm which would be valid as soon as the court passed title to them as Mueller's heirs. You knew perfectly that Anton had killed Mueller." Tyce paused.

Without changing his position, and with the same untroubled, unblinking gaze, Sutton said: "You seem to hold a pair of deuces, James. What are you thinking of doing with them?"

"About four months later, one evening, Anton came to find you at the hotel and got you to go to the bank with him. The little cross-bred cat devil was scared blue. He told you Mueller had made a will, leaving the farm to his sister, and he put in your hands the will he had taken from the old man's wallet. You glanced at it and chucked it in the stove there in the bank. But Anton couldn't be easy, and the next spring you bought the farm from him for much less than it was worth, and he and his wife disappeared, and a year later Anton died—of consumption, they said, of the ghost, I should say. And before he died he told his wife."

"How do you know that?" said Sutton

"When Anton went to you that winter evening he had been at my office. I had dropped him a note to come in and bring the will—matter of fact, as though I knew he had it. He dared not stay away. I locked the door and told him how he killed Anton, for Mueller had come to me to have a will drawn, and I had looked at the back of his neck before he was buried. It took some power of speech—until he turned blue and said, 'No, no! I did not know he was dead! I ran away in the wheat and thought he'd get up. When I went back I saw he was dead!' That was all, and I considered a while whether I should hang him. But I hate a fuss and a scandal. So I gave him the ghost to keep and let him go; but I kept my hand over him until he did what I said—that is, turned the farm into money, gave Mueller's sister half and went away. So it's useless to ask me how I know he told his wife before he died. I know what he did and how he died. Now, I've succeeded in digging up the memoranda for the will that Mueller scribbled in German, and my draft of the will. I found them at last in a shoe box. Also, I've just got an answer to my wire locating the stepdaughter."

Sutton looked on unblinkingly for a moment. Then he said, "You know you don't care a rap."

"Well, generally speaking, I don't. I hate a fuss, and I believe in letting every fellow play in his chips the way it suits him.

Remington

TAKE DOWN RIFLES

can be readily packed in trunk or travelling case and are extremely accurate and reliable. The Remington action is safe, so Remington's are ideal rifles. Just the thing for vacation time.

CATALOG FREE

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY
Ilion, N. Y.

Agency, 313 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
Depot, 86-88 First Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. Lyon's

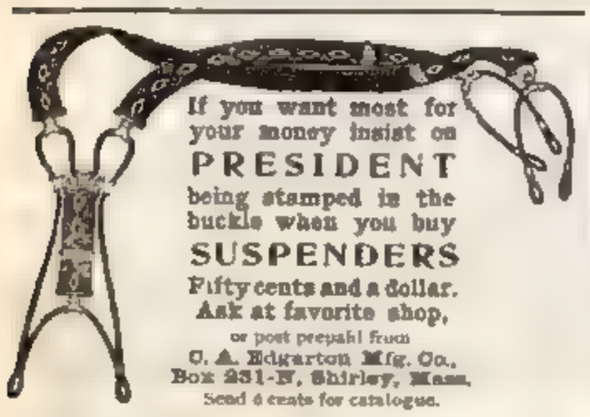
PERFECT

Tooth Powder

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century

PREPARED BY

J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.



If you want most for your money insist on

PRESIDENT

being stamped in the buckle when you buy

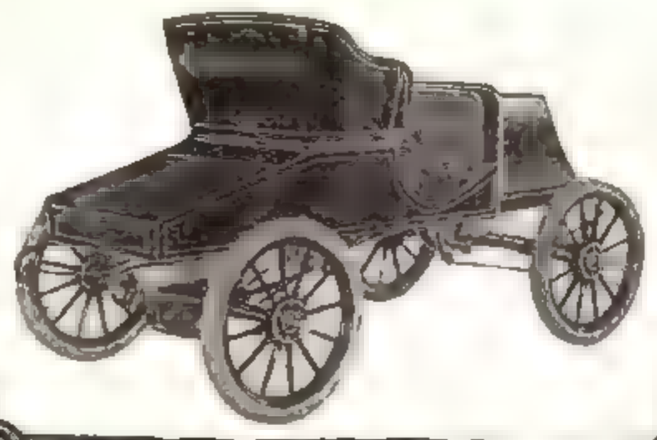
SUSPENDERS

Fifty cents and a dollar.
Ask at favorite shop,
or post prepaid from
C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.,
Box 231-N, Shirley, Mass.
Send 4 cents for catalogue.

PATENT SECURED

Or Fee Returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for Guide Book and What to Invent, free; many inventions needed for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised free in Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE.

EVANS, WILKINS & CO., 657 F St., Washington, D. C.



The Overland $595

"THERE-and-BACK"

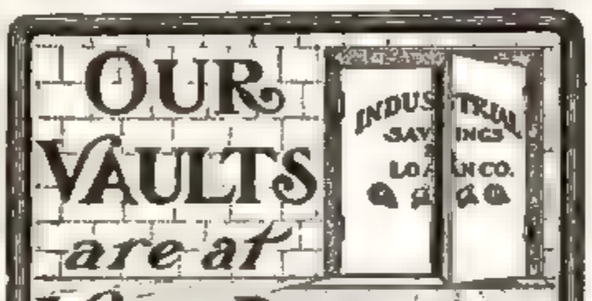
A Light Gasoline Runabout

A right priced vehicle for **daily use.** For business or pleasure. Write for booklet and learn of its simplicity and comfort—its ease and economy of operation.

Agencies:
Pardee & Company, 1404 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.
C. A. Duerr & Company, 152 West Thirty Eighth Street, New York.
Pennsylvania Motor Car Company, Broad and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia.
The Cadillac Company of Indiana, 307 313 Massachusetts Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
Martin Motor Company, 3904 Forbes Avenue, Pittsburg.
W. N. Booth, 840 Willow Avenue, Cleveland
Central Penna. Auto. Co., Harrisburg, Pa
National Automobile Company, 4256-4261 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

STANDARD WHEEL COMPANY
693 Ohio Street Terre Haute, Indiana

OUR VAULTS are at YOUR DISPOSAL



Invest your money with us in a business that has been in successful operation 10 years lending in high class New York real estate securities. Under New York Banking Department supervision and regularly examined by same. **Your Savings Will Earn**

5 Per Cent. Per Annum

Subject to withdrawal at any time. Bearing earnings for every day invested

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. 5% PER ANNUM

Our methods endorsed and recommended by leading clergymen, business and professional men. Write for these endorsements and full particulars.

Capital and Surplus, $1,100,000.
Assets $2,000,000

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
1130 Broadway, New York

"A Sublime Spectacle"

NIAGARA FALLS

One of the natural wonders of the world. A charming place at any season of the year, reached from every direction by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

A visit to the Falls is an object lesson in geography, an exhibition of unrivalled scenes that no painter can equal, and a glimpse of the latest developments of the industrial world.

A copy of "America's Summer Resorts" will be sent free postpaid on receipt of a postage stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York

DEARBORN JUNIOR Typewriter Table Cabinet

Guaranteed the most complete Typewriter Table Cabinet ever sold. Solid Golden Oak, 44 inches long, 24 inches deep. Protective and invaluable note book holder free with each cabinet. We ship to responsible parties on approval for $12.00 freight prepaid East of Rocky Mts. What more can we offer?

Write now for free illustrated catalogue of Dearborn Typewriter Cabinets

Dearborn Desk Company, *Manufacturers of Typewriter Cabinets exclusively*
1020 First Av., Birmingham, Ala., 210 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill

Battery Table Lamp, $3.00

Battery Hanging Lamp	$10.00
Telephone complete, $2.50 and	6.95
Electric Door Bells	50
Electric Carriage Lamps	5.00
Electric Hand Lanterns	2.00
$3.00 Batteries	2.25
Telegraph Outfits	2.25
Battery Motors	$1.00 to 12.00
Bicycle Electric Lights	2.00
Electric Railway	3.50
Pocket Flash Lights	1.50
Necktie Lights	75c to 3.00

Send for free book. Describes and illustrates many of the most useful electric devices, at wonderfully small prices. All practical. The lowest price in the world on everything electrical. Agents can make handsome commissions and many sales. Write for complete information.

Ohio Electric Works, Cleveland, O.

SUPERIOR ENGINES

for fishing boats and pleasure launches. Compact, simple, strong, efficient, economical, easy to start, reverse, slow down or stop. They couldn't be more perfect mechanically if sold at twice the price.

Used by U. S. Government Engineering and Life Saving Service.

Absolutely dependable. Speed controller regulates and maintains any speed desired; governor actually governs; igniter always ignites; vaporizer never fails. (½ to 45 H. P.)

Write to-day for illustrated catalogue
LAKE SHORE ENGINE WORKS, Marquette, Mich.

WHAT YOU EAT, YOU ARE,

is a true saying. Worthless cereals are fully exposed in U. S. Government analysis, furnished free for postal card request. BE WISE IN TIME. Your friends will remark your brilliance in conversation on topics of absorbing interest if you write

THE FRANKLIN MILLS COMPANY
LOCKPORT, N. Y.

WATER MOTOR FAN

$1.50 Can be connected with any spigot or attached to wall. Any person can adjust it easily and without other.

Diameter, 10 inches. Makes 2000 Revolutions a Minute.

Throws a current of air as strong as any $15 electric fan, without any noise or annoyance. It has no equal for the sick room. Descriptive Circular Free

PRICE, COMPLETE, $1.50 AGENTS WANTED
DELAWARE RUBBER CO., Dept. 84, 631 Market Street, Phila., Pa.

The Particular Man

uses one of the Pennsylvania Railroad Limiteds when going West. The best service obtainable and a rapid schedule over a faultless roadbed commends them to all travelers. Any ticket agent can furnish tickets or give further information concerning routes and rates.

Increase Your Income

There's profit and pleasure for all who raise poultry the right way. The Columbia School of Poultry Culture successfully teaches profitable raising. Take a course with us and learn this most fascinating and profitable business. For 10c we will mail you our illustrated booklet, with specimen of course, also a specimen lecture on buildings, together with architect's plans of modern poultry house. Send for it to-day

Columbia School of Poultry Culture
Box 101, Waterville, N. Y.

EDUCATIONAL

MEMORIAL HALL

Jacob Tome Institute

Boarding School for Boys

Port Deposit, Maryland

A secondary school marked by two pre-eminent features.

First. A great endowment, exceeding $1,000,000, affording the best facilities. Over $800,000 expended on grounds, buildings, reservoir for pure water, drainage.

Second. A site of unsurpassed beauty, two hundred feet above the Susquehanna River, commanding a view of the River and the Chesapeake Bay for eleven miles.

Prepares for college, technical schools or business. Midway between Philadelphia and Baltimore. Modern buildings. Athletic field and athletic sports. Swimming pool.

Annual charges: tuition $100, room, board, etc., $400; no extras. Free tuition to residents of Maryland.

For illustrated circular, address

A. W. HARRIS, LL.D., Director.

HOLLINS INSTITUTE, Virginia

Chartered 1842

For the Higher Education of Young Ladies

Parents and guardians are invited to apply for our publications. They give in detail the character and present facilities of an institution which points to its past history of 60 years as assurance and guarantee of its future. Full Collegiate and Academic courses for young ladies and girls. Students present from 26 States.

MATTY L. COCKE, President, Hollins, Va.

Morgan Park Academy

Of the University of Chicago

For Boys

The fact that it is a department of this University guarantees completeness of equipment and exceptional educational opportunity. Its situation, outside of city, is most favorable for boys' physical and moral development. For catalogue describing modern dormitories, gymnasium, laboratories, library, athletic field, scholarships and courses, address

WAYLAND J. CHASE, Dean

Morgan Park, Illinois

Peekskill Military Academy

PEEKSKILL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

70th Year. Prepares for Colleges and Government Schools. Thorough business course. Regents' grade certificate. U. S. Army Officer detailed by War Department. New and fully equipped Gymnasium. For *illustrated catalogue* apply to

THE PRINCIPALS

The UNIVERSITY PREPARATORY SCHOOL

BOYS ONLY—Boarding and Day Departments—ITHACA, N. Y.

Prepares for Cornell and All High-Class Colleges

CERTIFICATES ACCEPTED SINCE 1895.

Junior House opens September, 1903. Summer Term opens July 10, for eight weeks. (Circulars.) Fall Term opens September 24th. Send for illustrated Catalogue to

CHARLES A. STILES, 110 Avenue E, ITHACA, N. Y.

BEFORE DECIDING

what school, write to us. We furnish reliable information and catalogs of all Schools and Colleges free. We represent several hundred Colleges, Girls' Boarding Schools, Military Academies, Schools of Medicine, Pharmacy, Law, Business, Music, Art, etc.

Special rates in any school if you enter through us

AMERICAN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE AGENCY

Come Here! When in search of health and rest for mind and body. Your physician will agree. *Booklet free.*

STEUBEN SANITARIUM, Russellville, N. Y.

Generally speaking, I don't care to interfere. But just now I do care."

"Pleasant fix you'd be in, James," said Sutton cheerfully. "A lawyer who lets his client be murdered and the murderer take his property. An officer of the court who becomes an accessory after the fact in a capital crime. Pleasant fix you'd be in, James."

"Why, I suppose it would be disagreeably commented upon in the meetings of the Ladies' Mite Society, and it might even get me disbarred. But you know little things of that sort are not important to me. I'm prepared to file a bill for the property on behalf of Gretchen Mueller this afternoon, and if I bring the stepdaughter on here she will testify."

"What do you want?" Sutton asked calmly.

"I want that man Wheeler in there to go free. You think it over. I'm going to cross-examine you in a few minutes."

Sutton turned away and reentered the court-room. The case was practically ended—and lost; and Bob was sadly preparing to begin his address to the jury, when he heard Tyce at his shoulder saying, "Call Mr. Sutton for cross-examination;" then saying in his ear, "Tell me, in a word, what he said on direct examination."

Bob spoke a dozen hurried words under his breath. Tyce nodded, and without waiting for more lifted his head and voice blandly.

"You have testified, Mr. Sutton, to making this loan and taking the mortgages on the horses and to Wheeler's driving the horses away and selling them. Did Wheeler have a conversation with you at the bank about the loan shortly before the horses were driven away?"

"Possibly," said Sutton cheerfully—and Tyce knew that he was undecided.

"In which he said to you that he was discouraged over the loss of his crops and his debts; that he wished to sell the horses, that he could find a better market for them by driving them off somewhere and disposing of them at private sale, and in which he asked your permission to drive the horses away and dispose of them privately as best he could?"

Here was the crux of the case. None knew it better than Sutton. He turned slightly in his chair. His small, watery, unblinking eyes contemplated the lawyer's angular form and a perceptible pause ensued before he answered.

"He might have said something of that sort."

Again Tyce did not press for a more definite reply. Lawyer and witness looked at each other steadily.

"And did you give him permission so to drive the horses off and so to dispose of them privately as he saw fit?"

Tyce's words came very clearly; and the two players in the game—with their unenlightened surroundings of court, lawyers, witnesses, spectators—knew that this corresponded to that climacteric moment when one pushes forward his stack of chips and the other must meet the bet or lay down his hand. Sutton could say "No" and hand Wheeler over to the judgment, when it would remain with Tyce to make good his threat. The watery, unblinking eyes contemplated the angular form and homely face; and the hardy, tenacious mind felt forward a little.

"I believe Wheeler spoke of wanting to look up a man at Tremont."

"That doesn't answer my question. Say yes or no."

"There was a man at Tremont who had looked at one of the horses——"

"Yes or no?"

The court was bending forward in some astonishment at the extraordinary implication of Sutton having consented to the sale of the horses.

"Come, come, Mr. Sutton," said the court sharply. "Answer."

"Well, I believe I did tell Wheeler that," said Mr. Sutton—and the hand was laid down.

"I wish to make a motion that the case be taken from the jury and the prisoner discharged," said Tyce calmly.

The court was still staring at Sutton in an odd mixture of amazement and indignation; but whatever expression of these feelings may have been forming in the court's mind were put aside.

"A motion of that sort strikes me as eminently proper," said the court dryly.

It was fully five minutes before Bob came out of his daze, and by that time Wheeler was comprehending that he was a free man, and turning to his wife and children.

"But how in the world did you do it?" Bob gasped, looking up at Tyce with astonishment and admiration.

"Oh, the truth will come out," said Tyce

EDUCATIONAL

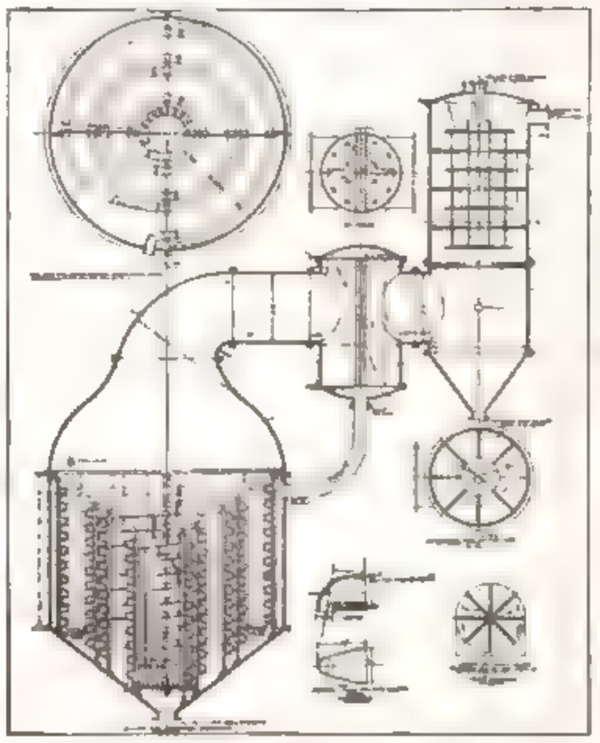
Mechanical Drawing *Taught by Correspondence*

Main Building, Armour Institute of Technology.

EMPLOYEES OF

Warner Sugar Refining Co. — Armour & Co.
McCormick Harvester Co. — Allis-Chalmers Co.
Deering Harvester Co. — Chicago Edison Co.
Illinois Steel Co. — Western Electric Co.

Study Engineering *By Mail*



Drawn by H. H. SPARKS, Student American School of Correspondence.

WARNER SUGAR REFINING COMPANY, General Offices, Rialto Building, Chicago; Factory Office, Waukegan, Ill. H. H. Sparks says:

"I send you, by courtesy of Messrs. P. L. Saenger, Superintendent, and L. P. Saenger, chief draughtsman, a drawing.

"The design was worked out shortly after my coming to the Warner Company, although I had not seen the inside of a sugar refinery before.

"I took up the study of Mechanical Drawing about October 6, 1902; and while the elementary portions seemed very good and always in point, I was especially struck with the extremely practical bent of the last two parts and their close alignment to the practice of the commercial draughting office.

"I was with Armour & Company from December until February, when I came to the Warner Sugar Refining Company, the change being an exceedingly profitable one from a financial standpoint."

If you are ambitious to advance and have 30 minutes a day to devote to study, send for souvenir booklet "Progress," telling the story of correspondence students in all parts of the world. It is illustrated with pictures of the Capitol at Washington, the Chicago Court House and many other public buildings where American School students are employed.

American School of Correspondence

at

Armour Institute of Technology

Chicago, Ills.

Please mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

To be a student here is to enjoy privileges in a musical education that are within the reach of no other institution in this country or in Europe.

The scope of its courses is such that no limitations are set upon the student's ambition. *Every department under a master.* Class or private instruction.

Pianoforte, Organ, Orchestral Instruments and Vocal Music Courses are supplemented by such other branches as Composition, History of Music, Theory, Literature, Expression, Interpretation, Diction, Piano and Organ Tuning, Choir Training and Musical Journalism. The Normal Department trains for intelligent and practical teaching in conformity with Conservatory Methods.

An affiliation with the Emerson College of Oratory gives unsurpassed opportunities to pursue courses in Elocution and Oratory.

The privileges of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student. Diplomas are granted to those satisfactorily finishing their courses, and graduates are eagerly sought as teachers and musicians. *All particulars and year book will be sent on application.*

GEORGE W. CHADWICK, Director, Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Kenyon Military Academy

GAMBIER, OHIO

An unexcelled school with unsurpassed environment. Ideal location, 60 acres of grounds, golf links, and complete gymnasium. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Flexible two years business course. 50th year. Address

O. M. WYANT, Regent, Gambier, Ohio

Dupont Seminary Resident and day school for girls and young ladies. Exceptional advantages of location, beautiful building, new and most artistic furnishings, cultured home life. Regular and special courses. Number of pupils limited. Expenses moderate. For catalogue address

THE PRINCIPAL, 1760 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Linden Hall Seminary

A Moravian Boarding School for Girls. Founded 1794. General and College Preparatory Courses. Special advantages in Music and Art. For catalogue address

Rev. Chas. D. Kreider, Principal, Lititz, Pa.

ACCOUNTING Banking, Calculation, Correspondence, Mercantile Law, Stenography, Typewriting, Telegraphy, Penmanship, Modern Languages thoroughly taught. EASTMAN trains for practical work, and always secures positions for graduates of complete commercial course. *Catalogue free.* C. C. GAINES, Box 97, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., or 119 West 125th St., New York, N. Y.

Kirkwood Military Academy

Located at KIRKWOOD, MO.

Opens Sept. 18th. 32nd year. One half hour from World's Fair. Its past work is its earnest showing of its future. Send for Catalog.

COL. EDWARD A. NAIGHT, A. M.

TELEGRAPHY

quickly taught. Situations secured for graduates. Established 31 years. Send for catalog.

VALENTINES' SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Janesville, Wis.

When Golfing, Shooting, Fishing

use

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

A delicious, satisfying food-drink—in powdered form instantly prepared with hot or cold water. Also in tablet form, either natural or chocolate flavor—ready to be eaten as a quick lunch. A compact, strength-giving, emergency ration for the sportsman, athlete, and traveler. Made of pure, rich milk from our own dairies, and the extract of selected grain, malted by our special process.

Used and sold everywhere—all druggists.

SAMPLE If you are not using it now let us send you our unique Shakespearean Booklet and a trial package, postpaid. FREE

Horlick's Food Co., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

34 Farringdon Road, London, Eng. 25 St. Peter St., Montreal, Can

Operators of writing machines especially skilled operators, prefer the REMINGTON, and for very good reasons.

The Best Results

in the Amount and Quality of work done, and the Ease and Speed with which it is done, are attained only through the use of the

Remington Typewriter

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
327 Broadway, New York.

WELCH'S GRAPE JUICE

Well has the name "Nature's Finest Food and Drink" been given to Welch's Grape Juice. It is just what it purports to be, wholly grape juice, undiluted and unfermented, as pure and delicious as the grape in the cluster.

You cannot find a medicine as pleasant to take or one that will do you so much good. Remember, "Welch's."

Your druggist and grocer has it. 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10c. Booklet with recipes, free.

WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO.,
Westfield, N. Y.

Moving Picture Machines
STEREOPTICONS You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing attractive for men with small capital. We start you furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. Our Entertainment Supply Catalog and special offer fully explains everything. Sent free.

CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
225 Dearborn Street, Department L, Chicago, Ill.

GUYOT SUSPENDERS

Support without restraint. Indestructible buttonholes. If not at your dealer's send 50 cents for sample pair.

GUYOTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, New York City

easily. He looked into the eager young face and smiled. "Sometimes it comes out of mighty queer holes, too, Bob. Don't get too much discouraged over the holes. I'm going to bed now."

For a perplexed moment Bob looked after the senior partner.

Then he was aware of some one else—with plaits of yellow hair and unusual, alluring amber eyes that were looking at him with a little questioning, a little graceful uncertainty.

As he met her eyes Miss Hynes came forward quickly. "Perhaps you don't remember me, Mr. Terhune—Miss Hynes?" As she held out her hand she stooped slightly toward him in a way that made it personal, confidential. "I'm glad you won," she said rapidly, under her breath.

Bob wandered out of the building with the Wheelers in a happy turmoil, and as he reached the front steps, under the high, bright winter sky, with great reaches of land about, his spirits suddenly bounded into the highest blue. The world was inexpressibly beautiful and good.

With unwonted demonstrativeness he clapped Wheeler on the shoulder. "Ah, things do come right, after all, holes or no holes," he said.

The Two Appeals

(*Continued from Page 4*)

happened he was seeing her quite frequently, and he came to learn at last that the only real interest which she had in life was in the work of those who were striving after "the higher expression," as she termed it.

When he told her one day of his yearning to put forth the best that was in him, which was thwarted by the world's hunger for the faces of the politicians and the pork merchants, her eyes filled with tears, despite the fact that he had stated the matter in a whimsical way. She took herself quite seriously, on the whole, and was never betrayed into any loudness of voice or attire. She was quietly intense and she seemed to catch the real meaning of things. She would never have been moved by an "only" poem. He sought her first as an antidote for the grief caused by the absence of Bianca, which he imagined still existent, even after it had lost its sting. Of one thing he was sure: should he see Bianca again, the old possession would return, and he determined that, should she come within his radius, he would avoid her.

"I cannot help thinking of your beautiful poem," said to him, one day, Mrs. Stanley Ward. "It seems to me like a cry. There is so much genuine feeling in it—something almost Sapphic. Tell me, for I think I know you well enough now, was there not a—a—a real inspiration?"

He avoided the subject then, but on another occasion, being hard pressed and excusing himself with the ancient adage, "All's fair in love and war," told his lie:

"You were the inspiration. I should never have dared to look up to you, but I worshiped you from afar."

"Wasn't it wonderful, wasn't it providential," she whispered a little later with awe in her voice, "that your cry should have reached the ears for which it was intended? Read it to me, dear; I want to hear your voice say it to me. It was that sonnet which first attracted me to you. I thought I should like to be loved like that."

And he read:

What shall I do to pass this day, so long,
That I am banished from My Lady's face?
I'll build a temple in the holiest place
Of all my heart and praise her there with song.
The walls with votive offerings I'll throng—
High, noble thoughts, a tribute to her grace,
And generous impulses, without a trace
Of littleness, or cowardice, or wrong
My heart shall be a censer and its fire
My glowing love, that shall in clouds outpour,
With fragrant incense filling dome and aisle.
Then, while my senses chaunt her as a choir,
Shall not her spirit enter at the door,
And glorify me with her sad, sweet smile?

And, as he read, he saw that he had indeed been mad, and that the poem could not in any way apply to Bianca

$30
round trip to
Colorado
daily from Chicago, with correspondingly low rates from other points. Only one night en route. Two trains daily. *The Best of Everything.*
Colorado is the ideal place for a
Summer Vacation
It is a country perfectly suited for rest, recreation or sport, abounding in good hotels and boarding places adapted to any man's means.
All agents sell tickets via the
Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line
Illustrated booklets on application
W. B. KNISKERN
Chicago Ill
or E. L. LOMAX
Omaha, Neb.

"HELLO POLLY"

Parrots are the most folly, available and interesting of all home pets. We import great numbers of choice young hand-raised birds which are unsurpassed, and we guarantee every bird to learn to talk. A beautiful Cuban or Mexican

PARROT $3.90 for only

If ordered before Sept. 1st. Price includes shipping case and food for journey. A first class cage $1.40, large cage $2.50. Elegant large brass cage $6.85. African, Panama, Yellow Head and other parrots at low prices.

Parrot Book Illustrating 10 varieties of parrots in their natural colors and telling how to train and care for them, free if you mention this magazine. Complete book on birds 10c.

IOWA SEED COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa
Largest retail bird dealers in America.

You've Heard Of

"rich men" dying and leaving their families poor—untrained for work—the most helpless kind of poor.

Protect your family against this. The first step is sending for free booklet "The How and the Why." We insure by mail.

Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company
921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

100,000 Angle Lamps

are in use to-day. No other lamp gives such a beautiful light.

Send at once for Catalog E. P.

The Angle Lamp Co., 79 Park Place, New York

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample bicycle

'03 Models high-grade $9 to $15

1901-'02 Models, best makes, $7 to $10

500 2ND-HAND WHEELS

all makes and models good as new $3 to $4

Great Factory Clearing Sale. We ship on approval and 10 days' trial *without a cent in advance.*

EARN A BICYCLE taking orders for us. Write at once for *Bargain list* and our wonderful special offer to agents. Tires, equipment, sundries, half price.

AUTOMOBILES Bargains in new and second hand Autos and Motor Cycles. All makes and styles. If interested write for *Automobile Bargain List.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 54-G, CHICAGO, ILL.

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR SALARY?

Are your brains bringing you no better return than does a day laborer's brawn?

Do you not feel that given the opportunity you could do better, and would not the prospect of from $36.00 to $150.00 a week stimulate you to put out your best effort?

Then get in touch with us. Write immediately for our Free Test Blank and other interesting information and take up the study of Advertising.

We can put into your life, and by correspondence, without interfering with your vocation, the heaped up experience of ten of the leading advertising experts of Chicago, the logical advertising center of the United States.

Send for FREE TEST BLANK, and full information.

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
341 Williams Bldg., Cor. Fifth Ave. and Monroe St., Chicago

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original)

Sample Free. Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

If You Have Talent for DRAWING

cut this out, mail it with your name and address, and get a free Sample Lesson with terms and twenty portraits of well-known newspaper artists and Illustrators.

New York School of Caricature
Studio 83-84-85 World Bldg., N.Y.

GINSENG

$25,000 made from one-half acre. The most valuable crop in the world. Easily grown throughout the U. S. and Canada. Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars' worth

ROOTS AND SEEDS FOR SALE

Send four cents for postage and get Booklet A-R, which tells all about it

McDOWELL GINSENG GARDEN, JOPLIN, MO., U. S. A.

DEAFNESS

The Morley Ear-Drum

is the most recent and most effective *Invisible* device for the relief of deafness. It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.

The Morley Company, Dept. T
19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

PEIRCE Business SCHOOL

A school with a National reputation.
Established 38 years ago with the object of supplying a sound theoretical and practical training for the business pursuits of American life. The wide experience gained and the efficiency of its faculty of specialists mark it as the highest exponent of the business school.

The broad courses of study give in addition to the practical and technical training in Business, Banking, Commercial Law, etc., a thorough English education on a par with the best schools of the country. All at a great economy of time and money. Eminent men have paid high compliments to Peirce School.

"In my opinion, the particular type of education aimed at in Peirce School has some important advantages over others."
GROVER CLEVELAND.

A boarding department has been arranged for boys where they will have the care, supervision and Christian influence of a refined home. 1815 students enrolled last term from many States and Foreign countries. Send for catalogue.

PEIRCE SCHOOL
917-919 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ATTEND THE ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

A delightful profession, quickly learned. Pays well. Good positions secured for graduates. Only college of photography in the world. Annually graduates students from all states and foreign countries. Terms easy, living inexpensive.

FREE—beautiful illustrated catalogue.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
952 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Ill.

Send 10cts for this Catalog

It will tell you all about three of the best mercantile professions and how to learn them, about the only school in the world that practically teaches the **Publicity end of business**, embracing **Window Trimming, Show Card Painting** and **Ad. Writing.** It fits men to fill high salaried positions—is patronized by the largest and best merchants in America, and has more call for its graduates than can be supplied. Instruction in person at our splendidly equipped school or by correspondence. The catalogue is beautifully illustrated and contains several valuable sample lessons.

WILLARD H. BOND, *President.*
BOND INSTITUTE OF MERCANTILE TRAINING
134-144 W. 14th St., New York

BECOME FAMOUS
Illustrators
Cartoonists
WE TEACH YOU HOW

By the famous **Heeb System.** Prepares quickly. Thousands of enthusiastic graduates making **Big Money.** Experience unnecessary—start now. **Superior Courses** in Law, Pharmacy, Medicine, Nursing, Bookkeeping, Stenography, Art of Correspondence, Journalism, Mechanical Drawing, Architecture, etc., by mail or in our own residence schools. Estab. 1890. Write for **Special Summer Offer.** State desire.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
30 North Pa. Street Indianapolis, U. S. A.

Journalism offers young men and women of ability wealth, fame, power.

Prepare in leisure by Mail. Write to-day for catalogue.
Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism
184 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

INVENTORS Write for our "Special Proposition." We procure allowance of PATENT or CHARGE NOTHING for our Services.
20 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.
E. G. Siggers, Patent Att'y, 915 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Shorthand a Mine

We loan you a Remington machine, teach you Shorthand & Typewriting by mail, and help you get a position in Chicago at good salary and with sure promotion. Cor.-Sten. Inst. 195 Canal, Chicago Ill.

The President's Daughter

(*Continued from Page 9*)

fruit trains, not due for twenty-four hours, coming in a day ahead of time, with the mountain division tied up by the worst washout it had ever seen. In a heat he walked out of the operators' office to find Agnew; the two men met near the water-tank.

"Hello, Agnew. How soon can you give us a track?" asked Callahan feverishly.

Agnew was the only man on the division that was always calm. He was thorough, practical and, after he had cut his mountain teeth in the Peace River disaster, a hard-headed man at his work.

"It will take forty-eight hours after I get my material here."

"Forty-eight hours!" echoed Callahan. "Why, man, we shall have eight trains of California fruit here by four o'clock."

"I'm on my way to order in the material now," said Agnew, "and I shall push things to the limit, Mr. Callahan."

"Limit, yes, your limit—but what about my limit? Forty-eight hours' delay will put every car of that fruit into market rotten. I've got to have some kind of a track through there—any kind on earth will do—but I've got to have it by to-morrow night."

Agnew looked at him as a sympathizing man looks at a lunatic and shook his head. "I can't get rock here till to-morrow. What is the use talking impossibilities?"

Callahan ground his heel in the ballast. Agnew only asked him if he realized what a hole there was to fill. "It's no use dumping gravel in there," he explained patiently; "the river will carry it out faster than flat cars can carry it in."

Callahan waved his hand. "I've got to have track there by to-morrow night."

"I've got to dump a hundred cars of rock in there before we shall have anything to lay track on; and I've got to pick the rock up all the way from here to Goose River."

They walked together to the station.

When the night grew too dark for Callahan he had but one higher thought—that was Bucks. Bucks was five hundred miles away at McCloud, but he already had the particulars and was waiting at a key ready to take up the trouble of his favorite division. Callahan at the wire in Sleepy Cat told his story and Bucks at the other end listened and asked questions. He listened to every detail of the disaster, to the cold, hard figures of Agnew's estimates and to Callahan's despairing question as to how he could save the unlooked for avalanche of fruit.

For some time after the returns were all in Bucks was silent; silent so long that the copper-haired man twisted in his chair, looked vacantly around the office and chewed a cigar into strings. Then the sounder at his hand clicked. He recognized Bucks' sending in the three words lightly spelled on his ear and jumped from his seat. Just three words Bucks had sent and signed off. What galvanized Callahan was that the words were so simple, so all-covering and so easy. "Why didn't *I* think of that?" groaned Callahan mentally.

Then he reflected that he was nothing but a red-headed Irishman, anyway, while Bucks was a genius. It never showed more clearly, Callahan thought, than when the three words came: "*Send for Glover.*"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JULIETTE

By Betty Sage

We've got a cook that's awfully cross;
  Her name is Juliette.
She won't allow much fooling
  When she's putting bread to set;
And to-day when I was hungry
  And I stole a piece of dough,
She made me leave the kitchen
  When I didn't care to go.

I wonder if I soaked my sponge
  Well in the soap tureen,
And climbed upon the woodshed roof
  Where I could not be seen,
And waited there till Juliette
  Should very busy be,
Then threw it gently at her head.
  Would mother punish me?

The Enormous Increase of Advertising

A Great Many Men and Women Receive $5,000.00 Salaries For Preparing and Directing Publicity

The Demand for Skilled Help Will Not Be Met for Years

By GEORGE H. POWELL

Of late a large number of the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have asked me to give some tangible or statistical information as to the present development and immediate future of the advertising business.

The great success that has attended my earnest efforts in teaching bright young men and women through the Powell Correspondence System of Advertising Instruction has been so pronounced that some seem to think that instrumental as I have been in fitting a large number of graduates for positions ranging from $25.00 to $100.00 a week, the market will, perhaps, soon be overstocked with ad. writers, and that on this account the future may not be as rosy as the present.

I want to say in the first place that enough competent ad. writers will not be created to supply the demand—not for ten years to come, at least.

Before adding more I shall quote an extract from a lengthy article from the conservative and reliable New York Times of May 31, which will be pretty sure to "astonish the natives."

"Among the various twentieth century professions which have risen within the past ten years that of the advertising man has suddenly assumed the prominence which it could acquire only in a country which spends a billion dollars a year for advertising. This is quite a sum; three times the value of the wheat crop, nearly five times that of the gold production, and ten times that of the iron industry. It requires thousands of men to direct its expenditure. There is not a city of 5,000 and upward of inhabitants which has not from 1 to 100 advertising men. New York has 5,000, and there are half a dozen other cities with nearly as many.

"The dean of the New York corps is the advertising agent of a merchant who is admitted to stand at the head of retail advertisers in the United States. This man receives a salary variously estimated at from $12,000 to $15,000. Several stores in New York pay nearly as much, and there are probably fifty manufacturing concerns in the country which pay the heads of their advertising departments $10,000 or over. All concerns which go out after National patronage pay their advertising men from $5,000 to $10,000, and there are thousands of men now receiving the lesser sum, where ten years ago there were very few. All this is a sign of the revolution in business methods. It has become an era of enormous advertising as well as of enormous aggregations of capital, and America is the great advertiser of the world.

"From the sums mentioned the salaries range downward to $25 and $30 a week in the small cities, but even this is a great advance over a few years ago, when the head of the firm himself attended to his advertising in a haphazard way. The subject is now systematized and studied like any other which involves the expenditure of millions per annum. The advertising department of every big firm has a staff of twelve or fifteen persons.

"It is because of this fertility of invention that he holds his big position and draws his big salary. As to his minor qualifications, he must know how to write English and how to read proof. He must have a thorough knowledge of all kinds of type. He must know just how an "ad." is going to look on the printed page. He must have the same wide comprehension of all manner of illustrations, though he never drew a picture or handled a camera in his life. He must be able to judge correctly of the value of a picture in advertising his business; its inherent suitability to the subject, its power of attracting attention. He must be able to conceive ideas and designs of his own and turn them over to the artist for illustration."

Ten years ago advertising was just beginning to assert itself as a power in business, and to-day it has barely entered the era of solid development. There are not enough competent ad. writers today to fill the demand, for not all of the thousands of advertising men referred to are engaged in this branch. Then, too, every great retail store and every important large general advertiser employs anywhere from two to a dozen assistants. New concerns are springing up daily all over America, and even to supply this new demand for ad. writers means important work and conscientious labor on my part as a teacher of scientific advertising.

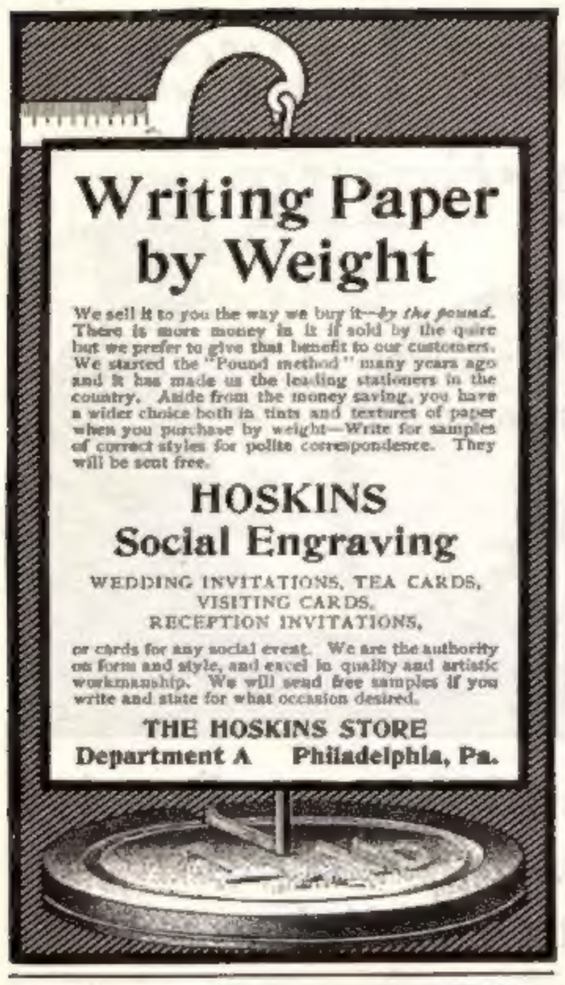
How well I have done my work, limited as it necessarily must be, after all, I leave to my students and the greatest authorities in this country to say.

I have the satisfaction of knowing that in the history of correspondence instruction the Powell System completely overshadows all records.

It is practical instruction, too, that graduates the student into a full-fledged, skillful ad. writer. It isn't necessary for him or her to go with some advertiser "to get practice." Not at all, because my course embodies the actual and constant writing and planning of advertising. It teaches the young man or woman by real practice to originate and write catchy, intelligent ads.; it teaches the business man to double the earning power of his periodical space; and it teaches, above all, the art of taking any line of business, new or old, and doing it full justice.

For THE POST of August 11 I shall prepare a special article dealing with my System of Instruction, and I hope to interest the readers and give some idea as to why I am today considered the foremost expert and teacher of publicity.

Those who wish to read the clearest exposition of the advertising question should write me for a free copy of my elegant new Prospectus, which includes the strongest testimony in the world of publicity. Simply address me George H. Powell, 11 Temple Court, New York.



Writing Paper by Weight

We sell it to you the way we buy it—*by the pound.* There is more money in it if sold by the quire but we prefer to give that benefit to our customers. We started the "Pound method" many years ago and it has made us the leading stationers in the country. Aside from the money saving, you have a wider choice both in tints and textures of paper when you purchase by weight—Write for samples of correct styles for polite correspondence. They will be sent free.

HOSKINS
Social Engraving

WEDDING INVITATIONS, TEA CARDS,
VISITING CARDS,
RECEPTION INVITATIONS,

or cards for any social event. We are the authority on form and style, and excel in quality and artistic workmanship. We will send free samples if you write and state for what occasion desired.

THE HOSKINS STORE
Department A Philadelphia, Pa.

PRIZE
Photographic Contest

Pope Manufacturing Company offer $350.00 in the following cash prizes for the six best photographs of men and women or boys and girls with Columbia Chainless Bicycles.

Ladies' or Girls' First Prize	$100.00
Ladies' or Girls' Second Prize	50.00
Ladies' or Girls' Third Prize	25.00
Men's or Boys' First Prize	100.00
Men's or Boys' Second Prize	50.00
Men's or Boys' Third Prize	25.00

THE ONLY CONDITIONS

PHOTOGRAPHS submitted must be taken by contestants, though they may be developed and finished outside. Each photo must show a Columbia Chainless Bicycle. Pictures must be received on or before September 1, 1903, with name and address of contestant plainly marked on back. We to own all prize pictures and to pay $5.00 each for any non-prize winners we desire to use. Other photos to be returned if stamps to cover postage are enclosed. The contest is open to all.

SOME POINTS THAT COUNT

Fine appearance of men, boys, women and girls. Pose of the figures, which need not necessarily be on the bicycle. Attractiveness of costumes and beauty of scenery and surroundings. Our preference is for one or two persons in each photo.

PUBLIC EXHIBITION

After prizes are awarded and before any photos are returned there will be a public exhibition of these pictures.

JUDGES

Mr. G. H. Buck of American Lithographic Co., Mr. Karl V. S. Howland of the *Outlook*, and Miss Edith J. Griswold, Councillor-at-Law and Patent Attorney, New York.

Address photos to **Photographic Department,**

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.
21 Park Row, New York

LASELL SEMINARY
For Young Women

This school enjoys the distinction of being the first literary institution of high grade to combine with the usual intellectual work courses of study in Domestic Science.

Household Economics are taught in theory and practice and a girl leaves here prepared for the duties of life.

Special advantages in Music and Art under Boston masters.

Beautiful, healthful location. Gymnasium, Swimming Pool. Write for catalogue and learn our unique plan for a girl's education.

C. C. Bragdon, Principal, Auburndale, Mass.

Smith's Adjustable Index Tags
"Save 10 per cent. of a book-keeper's time."

Instantly applied or moved to meet changing conditions. 400 kinds of printed tags, including Alphabets, Months, etc., kept in stock. Tags to write on. Used by U. S. P. O. and War Depts.

Cat. & Price List Free. Sample Tag 5 Cents.

Department F CHAS. C. SMITH, EXETER, NEBRASKA

STAMMER

Our 300-page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering" sent Free to any address. Enclose 6 cents to pay postage.
LEWIS STAMMERING SCHOOL, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

(*Concluded from Page 13*)

bank which the men had made in the course of mining, and in this angle he came to bay, protected on three sides and with nothing to do but face the front.

And so well did he face it that at the end of half an hour the wolves drew back discomfited. The tongues of all were out and lolling, the white fangs showing cruelly white in the moonlight. Some were lying down with heads raised and ears pricked forward; others stood on their feet, watching him; and still others were lapping water from the pool. One wolf, long and lean and gray, advanced cautiously, in a friendly manner, and Buck recognized the wild brother with whom he had run for a night and a day. He was whining softly, and, as Buck whined, they touched noses.

Then an old wolf, gaunt and battle-scarred, came forward. Buck writhed his lips into the preliminary of a snarl, but sniffed noses with him. Whereupon the old wolf sat down, pointed nose at the moon, and broke out the long wolf-howl. The others sat down and howled. And now the call came to Buck in unmistakable accents. He, too, sat down and howled. This over, he came out of his angle and the pack crowded around him, sniffing in half-friendly, half-savage manner. The leaders lifted the yelp of the pack and sprang away into the woods. The wolves swung in behind, yelping in chorus. And Buck ran with them, side by side with the wild brother, yelping as he ran.

And here may well end the story of Buck. The years were not many when the Yeehats noted a change in the breed of timber-wolves; for some were seen with splashes of brown on head and muzzle and with a rift of white centring down the chest. But more remarkable than this, the Yeehats tell of a Ghost-Dog that runs at the head of the pack. They are afraid of this Ghost-Dog, for it has cunning greater than they, stealing from their camps in fierce winters, robbing their traps, slaying their dogs, and defying their bravest hunters.

Nay, the tale grows worse. Hunters there are who fail to return to the camp, and hunters there have been whom their tribesmen found with throats slashed cruelly open and with wolf-prints about them in the snow greater than the prints of any wolf. Each fall when the Yeehats follow the movement of the moose there is a certain valley which they never enter.

In the summers there is one visitor, however, to that valley, of which the Yeehats do not know. It is a great, gloriously-coated wolf, like, and yet unlike, all other wolves. He crosses alone from the smiling timberland and comes down into an open space among the trees. Here a yellow stream flows from rotted moose-hide sacks and sinks into the ground, with long grasses growing through it and vegetable mould overrunning it and hiding its yellow from the sun; and here he muses for a time, howling once, long and mournfully, ere he departs.

But he is not always alone. When the long winter nights come on and the wolves follow their meat into the lower valleys, he may be seen running at the head of the pack through the pale moonlight or glimmering borealis, leaping gigantic above his fellows, his great throat a-bellow as he sings a song of the Younger World which is the song of the pack.

(THE END)

A Safe Wager

AMONG the many annoyances to which men prominent in the nation's service are subjected is the constant effort of irrepressible strangers to affect an appearance of the greatest intimacy with them.

In Washington Admiral Dewey is, perhaps, the greatest sufferer in this respect. Courteous and genial as he is, the Admiral invariably greets every one saluting him; but he detests the species of strange individual who endeavors to approach him in the manner usually reserved for his intimate friends.

Not long since the head of the Navy was astonished suddenly to feel his hand grasped by a man whom he had never to his knowledge seen before. This person had the effrontery to exclaim:

"George, I'll wager you don't know me!"

The Admiral disengaged his hand and replied grimly:

"You win your wager!"

AT HOME **IN COLORADO**

In Colorado the days are never hot; the nights are always cool.

That is one reason why 80,000 people go there every summer, and why they stay there anywhere from two weeks to two months.

Colorado isn't far away—if you take the Rock Island.

Splendid service from Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, Fort Worth, Memphis, and hundreds of other towns and cities in the Central West. Low rates daily, June 1 to Sept. 30. Information and beautifully illustrated literature sent on receipt of 6 cents in stamps.

Rock Island System

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
Pass'r Traffic Manager,
CHICAGO, ILL.

The HAYNES-APPERSON

is the **only** gasoline automobile that ran the contest from New York to Boston and back without repairs or adjustments of any kind.

Surrey, 12 horse power, $1800. Front headlight extra.

It is the only machine that has won **every** endurance contest held in America, and every contest or race ever entered.

17 Records and awards, all earned by **Stock Machines**

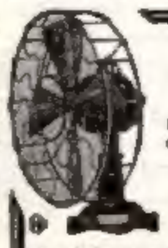
The machine **you** buy is the kind that makes this

ABSOLUTELY UNEQUALLED RECORD

Our catalogue gives the records complete. Send for it and ask for the "Little Book" too. Inquirers are urged to visit our factory, where **every** detail of Haynes-Apperson superiority can be seen and fully understood.

HAYNES-APPERSON CO., Kokomo, Ind., U.S.A.
The oldest makers of motor cars in America.
Branch Store: 1426 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Eastern Representatives, Brooklyn Automobile Co., 1239-41-43 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 66 W. 43rd St., New York City. Nat'l Automobile & Mfg. Co., Pacific Coast Agts., San Francisco.



KEEPING COOL

makes work in summer easy. You can do so by having one of our

Electric Fans

5 in. fan and battery	-	$2.00
8 in. " "	-	12.50
12 in. 110 volt desk fan	-	12.00
60 in. 110 " ceiling fan		19.25

Send for catalog of fans, electrical supplies, gas engines, etc.

L. W. GILLESPIE & CO.
225 E. 4th Street, Marion Ind.

The "Best" Light

Is a portable, 100 candle power light, costing only 2 cts. per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Brighter than electricity or acetylene, and cheaper than kerosene. **No Dirt. No Grease. No Odor.** Over 100 styles. Lighted instantly with a match. Every lamp warranted.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.
The "Best" Light Company
8-25 E. 8th Street, Canton, Ohio

U. S. A.
LIQUID PISTOL

Nickel-plted 8 in. long Pat'd

Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Fires and recharges by pulling trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over 10 shots in one loading. Valuable to bicyclists, unescorted ladies, cashiers, homes. All dealers, or by mail, **50c.**

Parker, Stearns & Sutton, 131 South St., New York, U. S. A.

INVENTIONS
PATENTED & SOLD. HIGH-GRADE WORK. BOOKLETS.
PATENT DEVELOPMENT CO. OF AMERICA. 150 BROADWAY, N.Y.

25,000 PUBLICATIONS

In the U. S. buy the work of writers. Be a **reporter, editor, or author.** Learn **Journalism or Story-Writing** by mail. **MSS.** criticised and revised; also sold **on commission,** either to exclusive publishers or to nearly 2,000 publishers through our **Syndicate Sheets.** Send for free booklet, **"Writing for Profit;"** tells the whole story. Thornton West, Editor-in-Chief; founded 1895.

NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis

GLASS WATER COOLERS
ICE AND WATER SEPARATE
No Germs, Insects, Rust or Dirt.
WRITE FOR PAMPHLET "C"
APPERT GLASS CO., 277 Broadway, New York

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Taught by Mail Thoroughly. Taught by the founders of the original school. Taught in an expert manner, enabling you to earn expert salary. Six years' success and hundreds of successful graduates. Large prospectus free on request.

PAGE-DAVIS CO., Suite 18, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Earn a $150 Scholarship

10 Free Scholarships to good singers—young men or women.
10 Free competitive Scholarships to people with good dramatic ability, or to people who are talented readers. A number of ambitious young men can earn scholarships. **Fall Term Opens Sept. 23d.**

ORATORY, PHYSICAL CULTURE **Ott** DRAMATIC ART, SCHOOLS OF EXPRESSION

Classes conducted in connection with the Institutional Church, **Corner Monroe and Francisco Streets, Chicago**

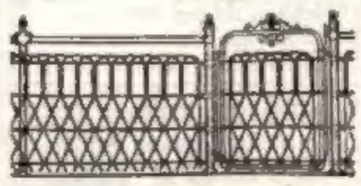
TALKING PARROTS

Young, tame **Mexican Double Yellow Heads,** the kind that learns to talk like a person. Special price for July, **$10.** Each bird sold with a written guarantee to talk. Cash or C. O. D. on approval anywhere in the U. S. New York, N. Y., 4-15-03.

The Mex. D. Y. H. which you sent me last Sept. has proven to be an exceptionally fine bird, says almost everything and is very cunning, etc.
MRS. A. RICHARDS, 12 E. 69th Street.

GEISLER'S BIRDSTORE, Dept. B, OMAHA, NEB.
Largest Mail Order House of this kind in the United States.
Established 1885 **Illustrated Catalogue Free**

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order (serving one squab). There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. **Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 3 A Friend Street, Boston, Mass.**



Dwiggins Wire Fences

—correct fences for lawns, parks, etc. Our catalog shows a vast variety of the newest, most successful styles at 10c. to 50c. per foot. Write for it (FREE).

Dwiggins Wire Fence Co., 18 Dwiggins Ave., Anderson, Ind.

Educations Earned During Vacation

Last September forty-one young people entered the foremost colleges and conservatories in the country for educational courses, the expenses of which were defrayed by the publishers of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THESE scholarships were given in return for work done in spare hours during the summer. The student paid nothing. Every item of expense was borne by us. Probably one-half of these will re-enter next September through the same plan and many new names will be added to the list.

One Young Man of the Number Writes:

"THE WORK WHICH I AM DOING THIS SUMMER WILL ENABLE ME TO FINISH THE LAST YEAR OF MY COURSE HERE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN—ALL RECEIVED THROUGH YOUR GENEROUS OFFER AND WITHOUT ONE CENT OF EXPENSE. MY FUTURE SUCCESS IS NOW ASSURED"

¶ Nearly one thousand young people have done the same thing. Their success can be duplicated by any young man or young woman with the ordinary amount of energy and real desire for success.

¶ Courses of instruction will be furnished by THE POST in any educational institution in the country in return for work done for the magazine.

¶ There is nothing competitive in the plan and no time limit in which the work must be done, but the 175 young people who do the best work this summer will be given extra cash prizes ranging from $500 down.

¶ Any young person desirous of receiving instruction in college, conservatory or business college, and who would prefer to have some one else bear the expense, should write to The Post Educational Bureau for detailed information. You select the institution—we pay the bills.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Light from the Watchman
This Stamp
WARRANTED
14 K
U.S. ASSAY
on a watch means nothing
THE U. S. GOVERNMENT DOES NOT STAMP ANY ARTICLE OF GOLD OR SILVER USED IN THE ARTS. GOLD WATCH CASES ARE VALUED BY WEIGHT. IT IS NOT THE STAMP OF HONESTY
The "Accurate to the Second"
Dueber-Hampden WATCH
is marked with a stamp that is a guarantee
DUEBER 18K
This mark means 18k Gold
This mark means 14k Gold
14K DUEBER
WRITE FOR FREE BOOK "FRAUDULENT WATCHES"
Dueber-Hampden Watch Works
Canton, Ohio
THE "400" The smallest and most accurate watch made for women

POMPEIAN
MASSAGE CREAM
Clears and Cleans the Skin
Face Powders Not Needed
FOR SUNBURN
FOR WINDBURN
Unlike any toilet cream; contains neither grease, nor glycerine, and nothing harmful. Softens skin, cleanses pores, removes blackheads.
HANDSOME SAMPLE JAR FREE
For sale by druggists and all dealers in toilet articles. Price 50c. or $1.00 a jar. Send for free booklet.
Rubber Complexion Bulb
Price 35c.
May be used to advantage with the cream.
Either article postpaid on receipt of price.
POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 106 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

Cool Off in Colorado

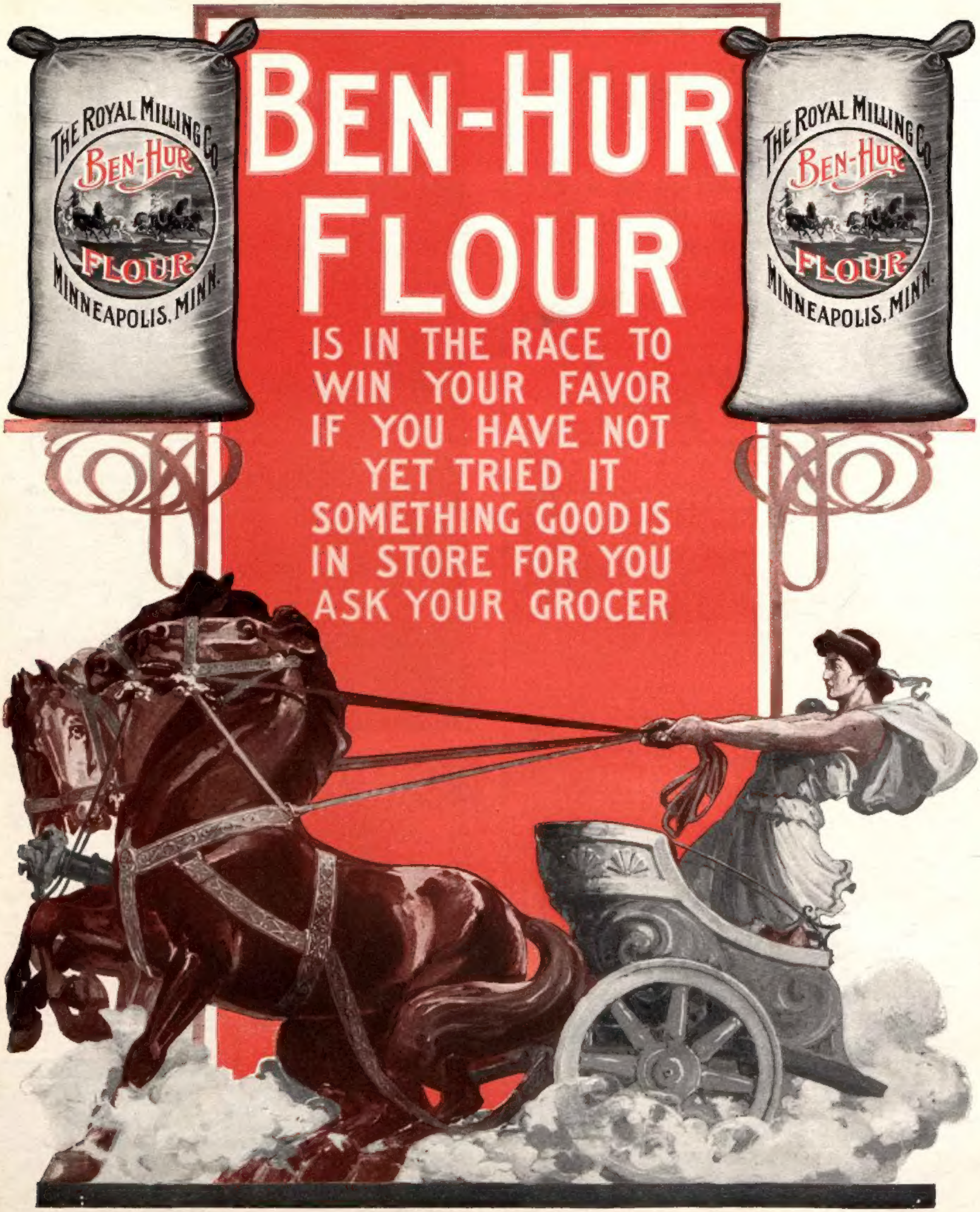
Burlington Route

If it's hot where you are and you want a change of air, if you are tired and overworked and need a little outing; go to Colorado. It is the one perfect summer spot in America. The glory of the mountain scenery, the quiet restfulness of the place, the fine fishing, hunting, and golf links, the comfortable hotels and boarding houses, all go to make Colorado the ideal country for seekers after health and pleasure.

Send for our "Handbook of Colorado"

A trip to Colorado costs but little. Our handbook tells all about the prices for board and the attractions at different places. Send for a copy TO-DAY. No charge. At the same time I will mail you a circular telling about the very cheap tickets we are selling to Colorado. Round trip from Chicago, $25 and $30; from St. Louis, $21 and $25, according to the date. It takes but one night on the road from either Chicago or St. Louis to Denver.

Address P. S. EUSTIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Ry. Co., 209 Adams Street, Chicago. 47



FREE. we will send one mixing spoon to any lady who will send us before October 1st. 1903. the card or bill head of one retail grocer who does not sell BEN HUR FLOUR.
Address: ROYAL MILLING COMPANY. Minneapolis, Minnesota.

MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.